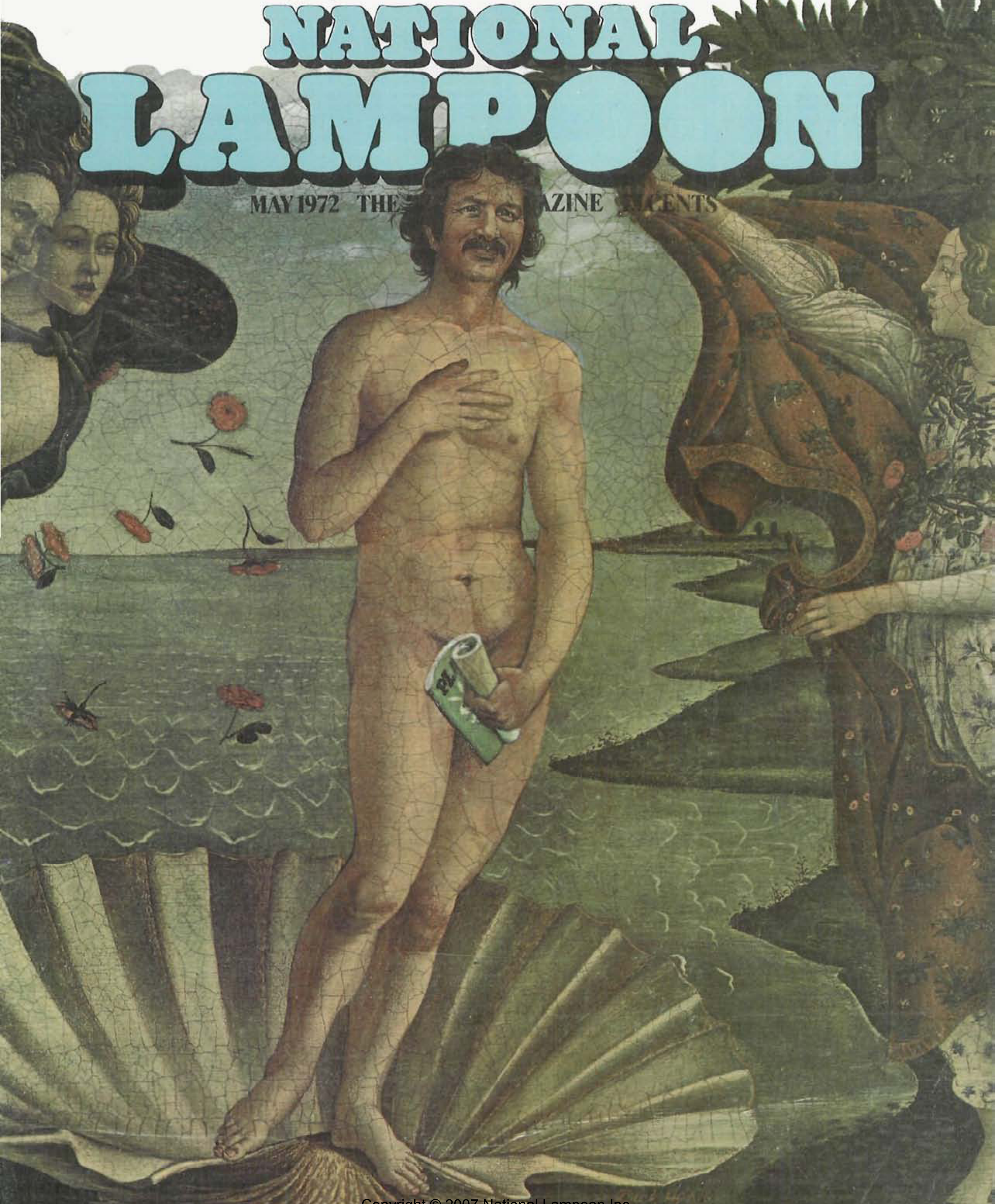
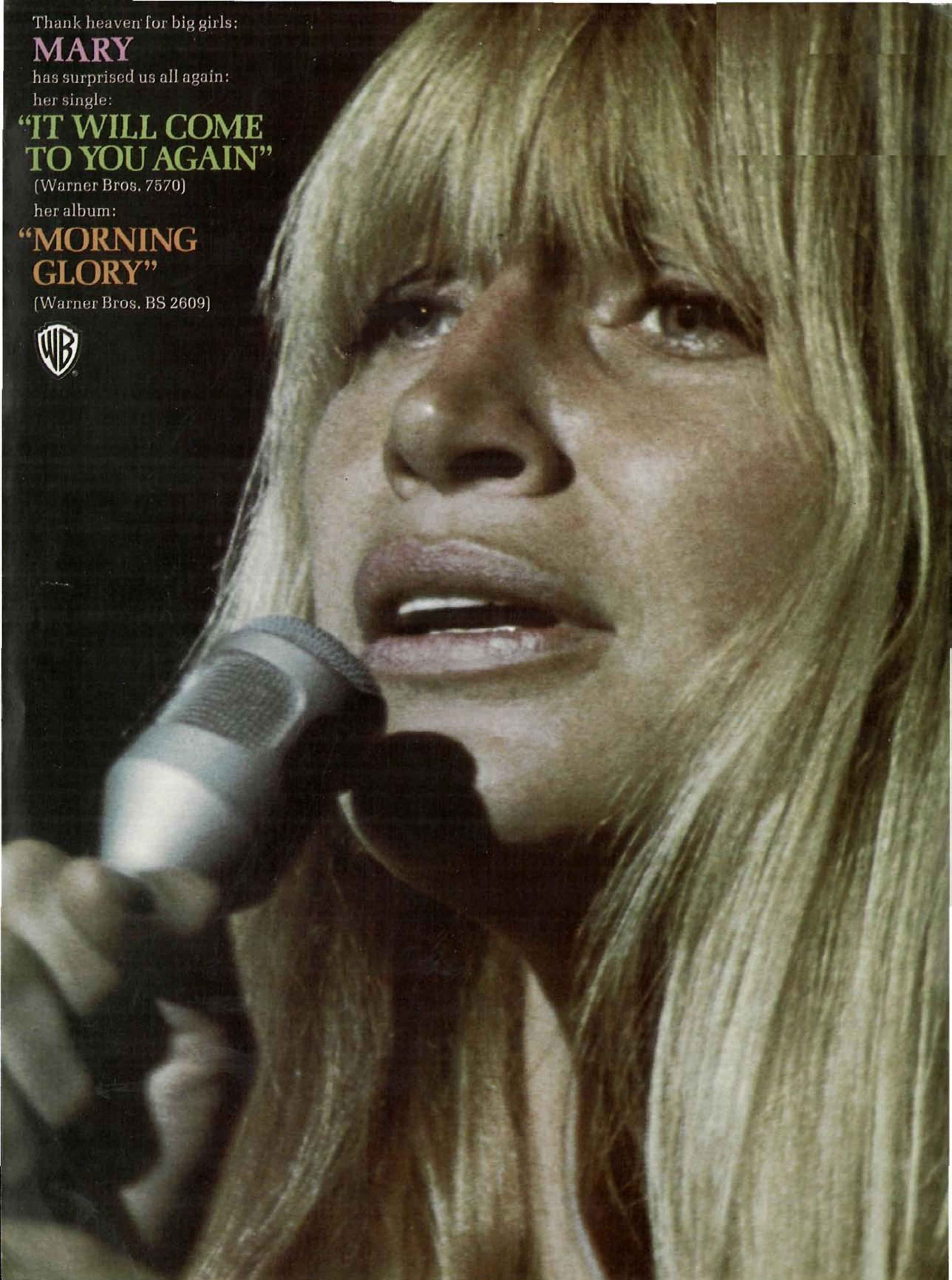
Men!

How to Score with Chicks Germaine Spillane Stacked Like Me

Nothing by Gloria Steinem in This Issue

NATIONAL LAMPOON




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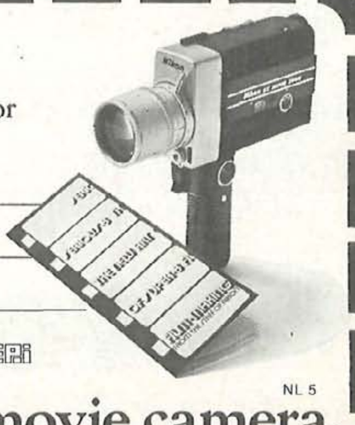
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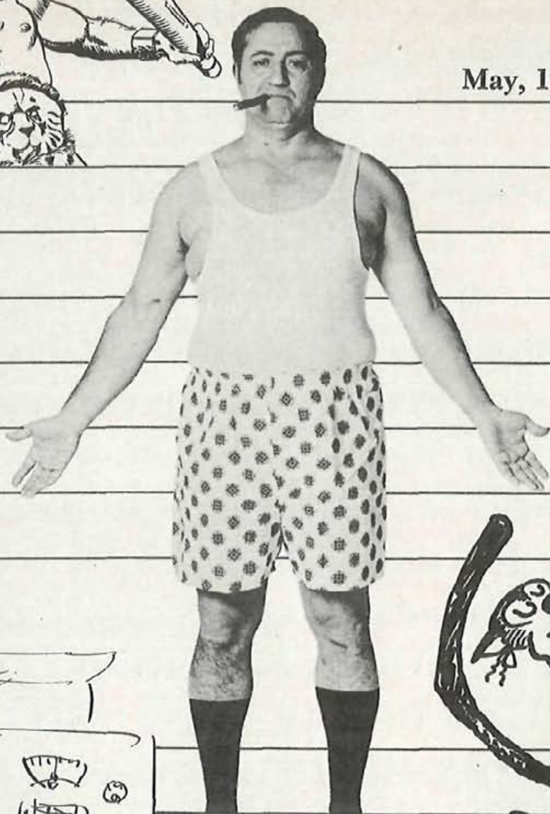


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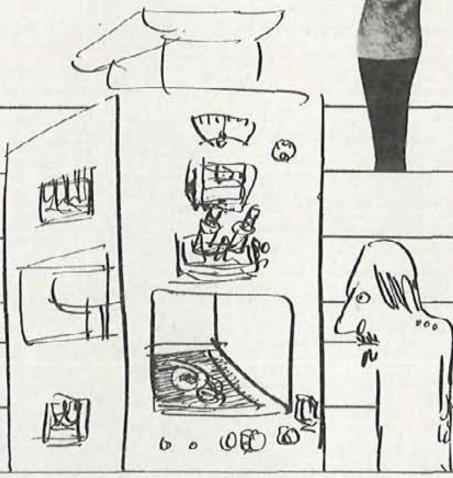
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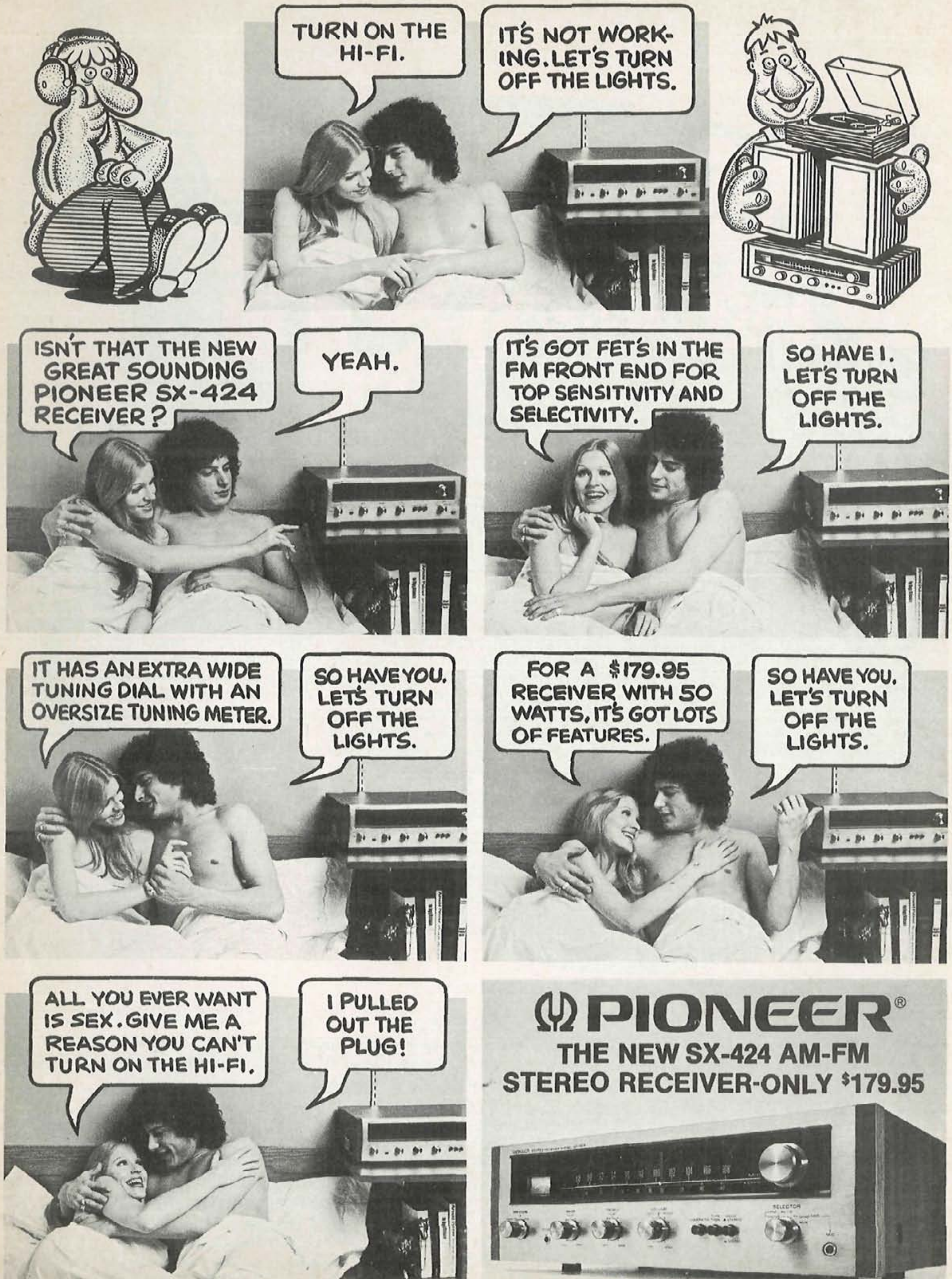








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SELECTOR

EDITORIAL PAGE



Did you hear about the Vagino-American Movement? No? Well, the Vagino-American Movement advocates, among other things, that we Vagino-Americans should stop being ashamed of our Vagino-American heritage. We should openly relish ethnic foods like creamed chicken and peas. We should wear proudly the net stockings, garter belts, and false eyelashes that are our native dress. We should plump for the establishment of institutes of Vagino-American Studies offering courses in home economics and child care. We should stop aping the stilted, overly cerebral speech of our oppressors and allow our Vagino-American poets, writers, and birthday-cake decorators full freedom of expression in their own words—words that have already enriched the language in phrases as diverse as "My, that's terrible," "Honestly, now," and "Does ookums wanna cookie?" In all areas of the arts we should resist the insidious supremacist brainwashing to which we have been subjected—and nowhere more so than in the field of humor. Science has shown that, far from being inferior, the humor cavity of the average Vagino-American is three-fifths larger than normal. Here is a classic example of Vagino-American humor:

A woman walks into a bar and orders a martini, straight up. The bartender brings it to her and says, "That'll be twenty dollars, please." The woman brings out a twenty and slaps it down on the bar without hesitation. The bartender says, "Funny, we don't get many women in here." The woman replies, "That's because a male-dominated society frowns upon women going into bars unescorted." NB: Despite the fact that the ideas in this editorial note belong to HNB and MO'D, I am signing it AB, because they are a fresher set of initials.

Cover: Readers searching for the answer to the question "Who draws more covers for the *National Lampoon* than any other New-York-based illustrator working out of a brownstone on East Forty-ninth Street with the initials D.H.?" will find a clue on the half-shell, just above the D.H. signature. Painting by Dick Hess, decoration by Sandro Botticelli. As the cover proclaims, this month's theme is "Men!," as in "Hooray for men!" or "Oh, men!" Take it as you like it. □

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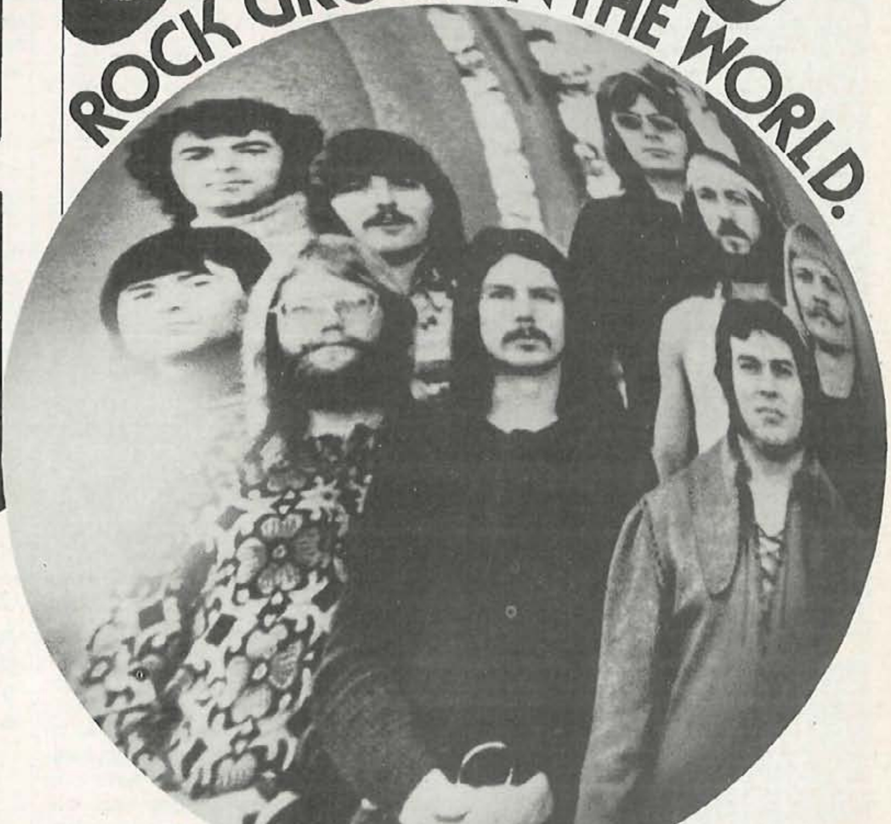
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Sirs:

I read with interest the letter you received some issues ago from the bus driver who found himself and his passengers held captive by an isolated band of "cargo cultists" in a little-traveled stretch of highway in Iowa City, Iowa, who worshiped Mayflower Van Lines moving trucks. In the light of this and the recent discovery of a Japanese soldier still hiding from the Americans in Guam, I wonder if these incidents might be related to an experience of my own.

While I was motoring with my family in Staten Island, N. Y., my new Toyota station wagon was set upon by a number of odd-looking individuals in 1940s clothing and hairstyles. Pulling me and my family from the truck and shouting weird chants like "Tojo is a sucker!" and "Kayo the Nips!" they demolished my vehicle (I hadn't even got the dealer's plates off the thing yet).

Now we're being held prisoner in the back of an abandoned USO and they dance around us screaming "Loose lips sink ships" and "Is this trip necessary?" The head man keeps telling me that if I was who I say I am, I would be able to give him the Bums' lineup and Betty Grable's measurements.

Please help us out of this place. They say they'll let us go if you send five hundred cartons of "Lucky Strike Greens" (?).

Help.

W. H. Kilroy
Staten Island, N. Y.



Sirs:

David Frost is over—if you want it.

Chet Collier
Westinghouse Broadcasting Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

You can withhold my name, but print my initials and my hometown so I can know it's me.

ichard ugaber

Sirs:

Okay you fuckheads, who *does* write "Mrs. Agnew's Diary"?

Mrs. Spiro T. Agnew
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I was recently sitting in the waiting room of my dentist when I had the misfortune to pick up a copy of the *National Lampoon,* a publication which, I assure you, I will in the future handle only with a forceps, and my attention was turned to the "News on the March" section of your magazine.

Although this feature purports to offer news items of current and topical interest, its actual contents—in particular, its photographs—are obviously the fruits of some nameless mongoloid's labors in the "freaks" and "medical oddities" shelves of some news service's picture library. I would go so far as to wager dollars to doughnuts that not one of these "news items" is less than fifteen years old, and that the only thing keeping the invert responsible for this breakfast-churning feature from selecting more liberally from the "mutated toddlers" files is a vague comprehension of the frontiers of human decency as sketched out at Nuremberg.

My point is this: one of these days you jokers are going to be caught flat-footed when one of your "news items" personalities turns out to be dead, since all your "news" is at least three months old by the time it hits the newsstand.

And I want to be around when it happens.

Senator Carl Hayden
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

In reply to your request for the President's movements this week:

Mon.: Nothing
Tues.: Nothing
Wed.: Good one. Some blood.

Ron Ziegler
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I'm writing this letter without any clothes on. And when I'm done writing it, I'm going to sit on it. I just thought I'd let you know. Please withhold my name. I don't want anyone to know who I am.

Shirley Ann Beecher,
former runner-up in
Miss America contest,
Tracy City, Tenn.

Sirs:

For every day the French Government fails to stop the heroin traffic into this country, I'm walking out into the street and kicking somebody's poodle in the stomach. Maybe if enough people did this, the French would see we mean business.

Charles Reich
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

WEST	NORTH	EAST
	♠ 10 8	
	♥ A J 2	
	♦ Q 5 3 2	
	♣ A J 7 5	
♠ Q J 2		♠ A 5 7 4
♥ 9 8 6 3		♥ K Q 5
♦ A 10 8 7 6		♦ K 4
♣ 10	SOUTH	♣ K 8 6 3
	♠ K 9 6 3	
	♥ 10 7 4	
	♦ J 9	
	♣ Q 9 4 2	

I'm West. South got it for 2♣. What should I lead? Hurry up with an answer, I haven't got all day.

Sen. Carl Hayden (Ret.)
Arizona

Sirs:

My husband's seventy-year-old father lives with us. I would like to say "happily," but the old man's behavior is too much for my nerves. Whenever we have guests, he insists on getting the coffee. But instead of serving it, he flings the scalding liquid in their faces, then claims it was an accident and apologizes profusely. It's no accident, I assure you. He's done it to every one of our friends at least once. We don't want to put him out, but this can't go on. What do you

suggest we do to cure him of this annoying and dangerous habit?

Boiling Mad
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Do you want me to do my imitation of Barbra Streisand? It's hard to do in a letter, but I'll try. This is my imitation of her singing "Second-Hand Rose": Second-Hand Rose / I'm just Second-Hand Rose / From Second Aaaavveeeennnnn-uuuuuuuuuuuuuu. Please print my name and address in case anyone wants to get in touch with me.

Dear Sirs:

This is your fourth and final notice —but who's counting.

Bebe

Dear Sirs:

My five-year-old can't say anus. He says amos. Do you pay $5 for little items like this? Please send it to the address on the envelope and don't withhold my name.

Dear Sirs:

Kudos and congrats on your nifty spoof "Salzkammergut—Austria's Alpine Playground." It was right on the money and not overwritten. Keep up the hard-hitting satire.

Truolow Kent
Totes Gebirge

Sirs:

And if my answer be not such as perchance the pusillanimity of certain might seek, I would beg you, in all affection, to winnow it in your judgment before you pronounce upon it.

Mr. Lucky
Marineland of the Pacific

Dear Sirs:

Do you think misspelled words are funny? I find them hysterical. Try reading this and keeping a straight face: Ghturye hfu jvhfyr mmutwqu fjeuryt vbfhtto verutter apeoritu bnhjur ncbdget g.

Dom Dabis
Ribersibe, Merryland

Dear Sirs:

I can do an imitation of Thomas Parran (Surgeon-General of the U.S. Public Health Service, 1936–48). Pretend you're in my office waiting to see me. You wait and you wait, about one half hour. Then I come out dressed in a doctor's jacket. "Okay, who's next? Which one of you is next? Come on, I don't have all day. Make it snappy." I have others, but I don't want to do them now.

Linus Pauling

Sirs:

What kind of a man am I? Well, statistics show I own 2.4 Ming vases, I saw 147 naked ladies last year, I drive 3.7 foreign cars (that use gasoline and tires), and I go through socks and slacks like a junkie through shit. If you want to reach me, you'll find me reading my favorite: my mom's will. Copies are located in Quetta, Baluchistan, and Lahore.

Mike Bracy
Staying with a friend

Sirs:

I wrote a very funny story, but for some strange reason I wrote the goddamn thing in German and now can't make out a word of it. I only remember I put in a couple of fuck yous because I know how it busts you guys up to see it in print.

Leo Durocher
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Some things are of that nature as to make / One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.

John Bunyan
Seagirt, N.J.

Sirs:

Wait a minute. Oh, John Bunyan. I thought that said Paul Bunyan, and I was going to make some joke about Paul Bunyan chuckling one's fancy and breaking it because he's so strong. Maybe if you left off the "John" and just put "Mr.," I could still get my joke in. I'm sure we could work something out.

Dick Cavett
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I finally found a rhyme for "orange," but I don't want to give it out because James Dickey might steal it from me. Give me a call and I'll tell you over the phone.

Rod McKuen

Sirs:

Should a gentleman offer a girl a Tampax?

Bemused
Boise, Id.

Sirs:

How about a column on the rock scene? I mean like on all the rock stars and where they're at and their problems and their addresses and their groupies and like which snail is going with which rock. I'd really dig that. Power to the pebbles!

Cliff Gorge
Flint, Mich.

Sirs:

I can't go on writing Doug's column much longer unless you pay me for it.

Brian McConnachie

GREAT MOMENTS IN HUMOR



No. 3 in a series

This classic piece of Americana is just one of a specially commissioned series of dramatic re-creations of "Our Humorous Heritage," which will be brought to you in coming months by the *National Lampoon*, the noted journal of humor, in cooperation with the *National Lampoon* Institute for Humorous Studies. Each of the painstakingly researched historical scenes portrayed in this series is the work of an important artist, is printed in antique-looking black-and-white process on prestige magazine paper, and is bound directly into a presentation copy of the *National Lampoon*, exactly as you see it here. The commercial message that accompanies these extraordinary paintings can, of course, be easily removed—a pair of scissors will do the trick—and, thanks to a special papermaking technique, the pages on which the series appears will become yellow and discolored over the years, thus adding immeasurably to the authenticity and beauty of these remarkable collector's items.

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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Once again, my old, battered companion, I am moved to turn to you for solace. As you may have read in the *Post*, or as you *could* have read were I *not forced by the necessity to hide* your secrets from the prying peepers of you-know-who beneath the false bottom of the vegetable crisper, the Famous Writers School has gone out of business. I got the letter from Mr. Serling only this morning, thinking at first it was just another one of his sweet notes chiding me about my metaphors (I *still* think "The golden sun popped over the hills like a slice of buttered Wonder Bread" has its merits, but I must agree that the part about even the Snoopy calendar weeping when Rebecca is dying from a broken heart because the darkly handsome yet somehow tortured Master of Guilford won't give her a tumble *is* falling into a "pathetic pharmacy"). However, it turned out to be a form letter from Mr. Cerf, which, under the circumstances, reflects no credit to Dick's supposed revamping of the postal system, telling me that student tuition defaults had forced the school into bankruptcy. Then there was a little story about how some famous graduates like Hemingway and Dickens had always paid *their* installments on time and isn't it too bad that people nowadays seem unwilling to make sacrifices for art and if final payment is not received by the tenth this account will be referred to a collection agency and my name will be stricken from the Hall of the Immortals (and I was just about to be promoted to Cadet of the Muse, Third Class, as soon as I ironed out my sentence structure, too, darn it), which, needless to say, has put me at sixes and sevens all morning.

On top of that, Spiggy is fuming because Dick got mad at him when the loan from Howard Hughes fell through when the Treasury people said they wouldn't consider putting Mr. Hughes's picture on the dollar bill, much less in a black mask. Obviously, I can't turn to Spiggy at a time like this for sympathy, because if he knew how much I owe the school, he'd blow his top and how. As a matter of fact, dear Diary, we had a close call only last week when I was still decorating your cover with sliced red peppers to disguise you as a Kraft Holiday Loaf, which Spiggy normally "wouldn't touch with a ten-foot Polack" (*ho ho*) but was the only thing in the fridge the night he stayed up late with Hank Kissinger trying to feel out Cardinal Cook about getting Mr. Kennedy excommunisticated before November (no soap—but the Cardinal did say he'd ask the Pope about Mr. Muskie if Dick really thought he could deliver Maryland without too much bloodshed). Luckily, I caught Spiggy in time and told him I was saving it for Martha Mitchell's monthly "Spin the Bottle" party for Radio Free Europe. Spiggy put it back and I gave him some Triscuits and peanut butter, but he was very unpleasant, even for him. Spiggy, as you are well aware, dear Diary, has always taken a dim view of Martha's afternoon charity affairs, particularly since the time she got Engelbert Humperdinck to spin it and everybody kept emptying more bottles and we all got a little out of hand and started using Martha for the spinner and then somebody turned out the lights and when the Secret Service men finally got the door off its hinges and turned the lights back on, Martha and Mr. Humperdinck had disappeared and didn't turn up again until six days later in Las Vegas and John had to hush up all the papers, which is another reason why everybody is so upset that Mr. Hughes wouldn't help out with that loan. As Spiggy says, there are only so many good crooked accountants in the world, and the Pay Board took up most of them.

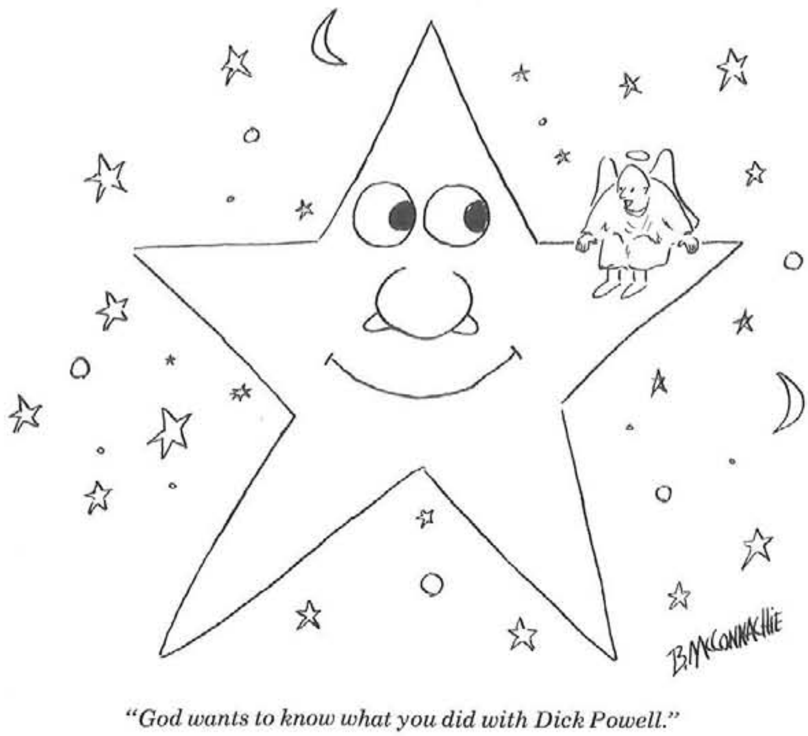
Now, where was I? Without my regular writing exercises I am already finding myself sliding back into my bad habits, the worst of which, as you know all too well, dear Diary, is getting off the track.

Now, what was I saying? Oh yes. So then, Pat burst into tears, saying that she had tried so hard to keep Tricia's problem a secret, but you know what those Puerto Ricans can be like when they smell a few doll——

Oops.

As I was saying, it was a close call, and that is why I had that nice Chinese superintendent who repairs the telephone and changes the tape in our TV build a little hiding place for you. While this little journal is certainly something Spiggy might "sink his teeth into," I know that he might lose his appetite over some of the meaty parts. (I'm certainly glad that suspicious devil never carried out his threat, by the way. You know, it was the time I came back from "the Safeway" and Spiggy noticed some marks on the back of my neck. I told him it

continued



"God wants to know what you did with Dick Powell."



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA: With The Secret of San Clemente, Is Nixon Dead?, America As a Second-Rate Power, The Guilt Test, the paranoia map, and The Daily Roach-Holder.
SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ: With The MGM Scandal Auction, Screen Slime magazine, The Tragedy Team, Waiting in the Left Wings, Iron Curtain Calls, and College Concert Comix.
NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: With The 1956 High School Yearbook; The Dink Patrol; The Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; 1936: A Space Odyssey; Monster Memories; and the Special 1950s Section.
DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Gahan Wilson's Christmas Beware!, Write Your Own Agnew Speech, The Myth of the Mafia, Santology, I Remember Jesus, Sob Story, and Underachiever Jokes.
JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN: With The Censorless Woman by "O'D," the *Cosmopolitan* parody, Mighty Minerva, Unlikely Events, and the women's lib pinup calendar.
FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: With Siddhartha Classy Comics, the Special Stoned Section, The Great Automobile Revolt, the 1791 *Rolling Stone* parody, Instant Yoga, and Woodstockade.
MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.
APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.
MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual; Toilets of the Extraterrestrials; Printout, the computer magazine; and The 1906 *National Lampoon*.
JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.
JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: With The Breast Game, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?), Dick in Jane, Are You a Homo?, and Nancy Reagan's dating guide.
AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE: With Defeat Comics; the Canadian Supplement; Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?; As the Monk Burns; Welfare Monopoly; and (Classified), the CIA newsletter.
SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: With Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is, and How to Cook Your Daughter.
OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, 125th Street, and The Final Seconds.
NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the Seventies, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Horror Movie Pocket Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.
DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.
JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog; and Where Do YOU Draw the Line?
FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With Groin Larceny; Ralph Nader, Public Eye; Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House; Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.
MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.
APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, and Third Base, the Dating Newspaper.
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continued

was only a little prickly heat, and Spiggy got mad and said if that rash matched the tooth marks in a plaster-of-Paris sandwich he was going to slip John Connally that day at the office, I'd better make it to the airport before he got Mr. Hoover's special unit on my trail.

Speaking of Chinese, by the way, Dick is still trying to lure everybody over to see his slides again (this time, he says, he has the right set and we won't have to sit through all those boring blueprints that Hank Kissinger snapped by mistake when he was looking for the little-boys' room or so he said although I can't really see how Hank would happen to have a camera with him when he was just going to do his duty, although knowing what goes on in his office every time he gets a new "secretary," I wouldn't be surprised by *anything* that man does, if you know what I mean). Dick and Hank have been dropping hints around the office, Spiggy says, that Joe En-lai and Mr. Mao made our country a very attractive offer for those two little islands that Mr. Kai-shek owns, but Spiggy says what the hell would we do with Japan anyway, because if there's one thing we don't need is another state full of zipperlids. (Spiggy has always had a particular dislike of Hawaii because he is sure that that's where the chinks are basing their Western attack, since it's the only place where they blend in. The next thing you know, he says, those a-holes in Congress are going to make a state out of Puerto Rico and every time he walks into the Senate building he'll have to make sure he doesn't sit on a brown paper bag full of cold chicken and rice.)

Well, dear Diary, it is time for me to close. Spiggy will be wanting his lunch any minute now, and there isn't a thing in the house. Perhaps it is my fate to always be just a housewife, and goodness knows it's a big responsibility, but I know I am going to miss the school and Mr. Serling's wonderful letters that took me, even for a few minutes, into the wonderful world of professional writing. Somehow, although I know it sounds silly, it seemed to make me feel . . . more of a woman, as if those little manuscripts of mine covered with his cute little red pencil marks were . . . something more than spelling corrections. How can I say it? . . .

To heck with Spiggy's lunch. I'm going to take the portable into the bathroom and let the shower run. It's almost time for "The Twilight Zone"!

All for now,

Judy

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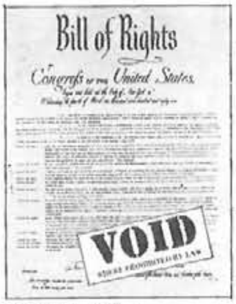
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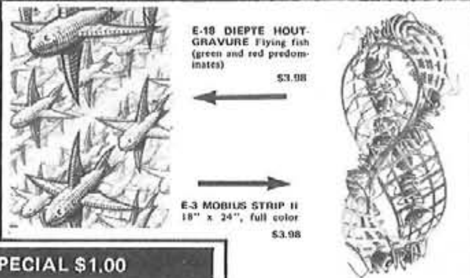
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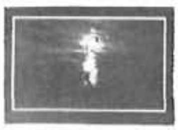
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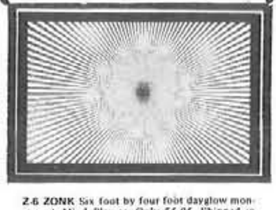
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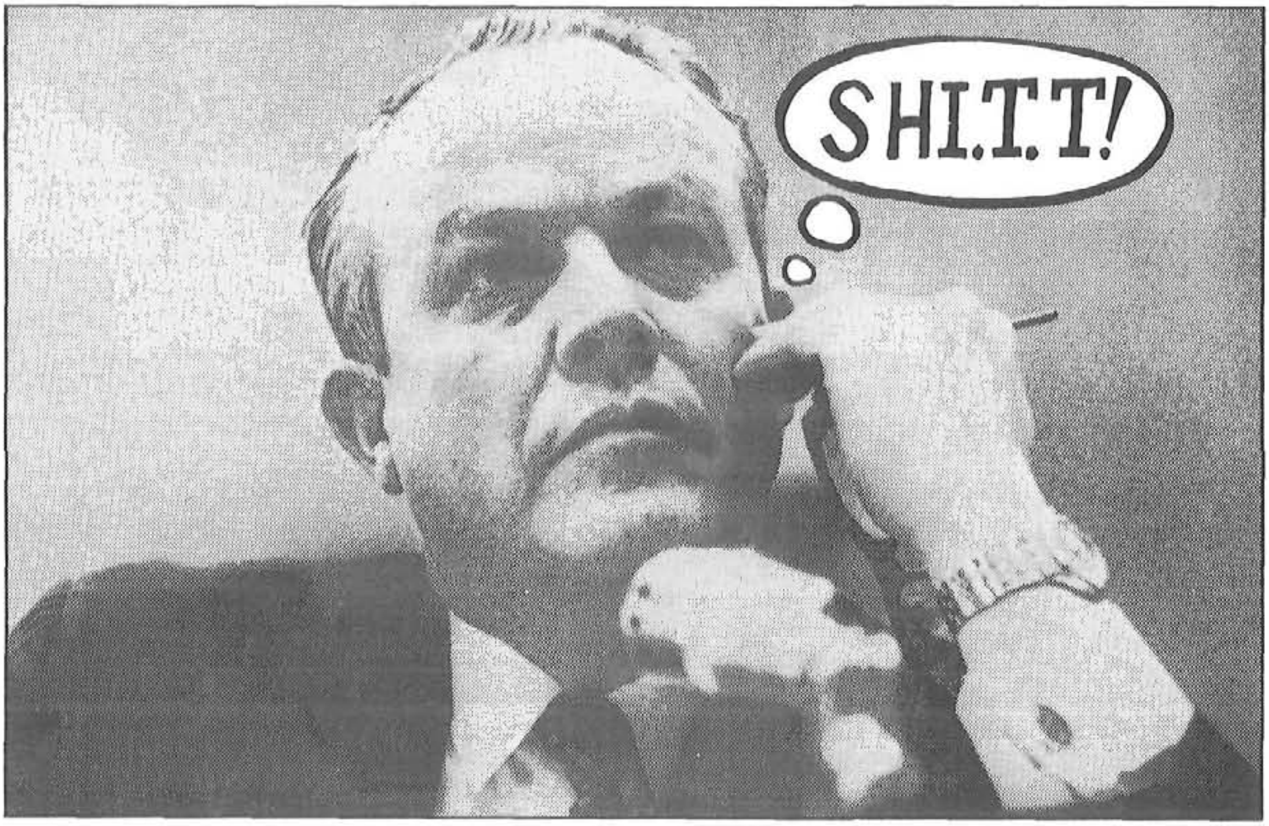


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Ein Kleindienst Faces Der Musik

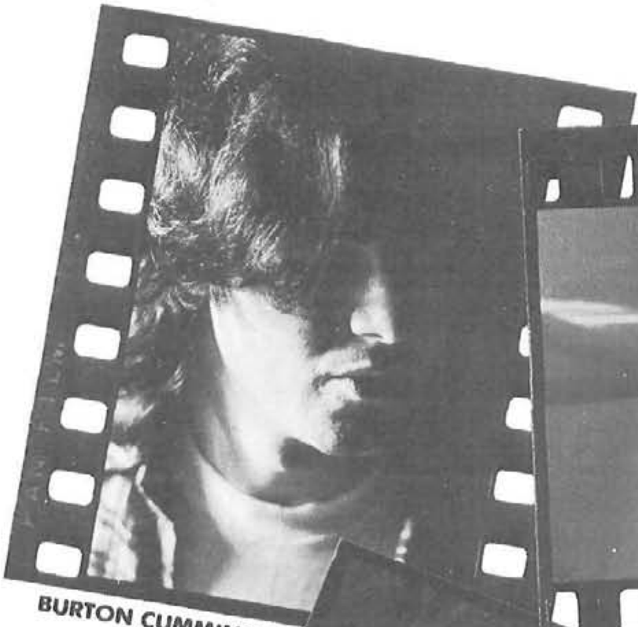
HOTSY-TOTSY! IT'S TA-TA FOR ONE OF NIXON'S NAZIS!



As a possible revenue-generating alternative to the Value Added Tax, the thinly disguised national sales tax presently being considered by the Nixon Administration, a number of ecologically concerned citizens groups is proposing the Value Subtracted Tax. It would be levied in the same fashion as the VAT in that at each level of manufacture or resource-conversion a small percentage of the differential in value of the product involved caused by the individual company, say 5 percent, would be taken as tax. The difference is that the tax would be applied on products whose manufacture represented a reduction in real value. Thus, for example, a lumber company that cut down a tree with a replacement cost of $500 and made it into $50 worth of lumber would be liable for a VST of $85. Similarly, a furniture company that turned the $50 worth of lumber into a tacky coffee table with a value of $.00 would have to pay a tax of $2.50. A coal company that turned one thousand acres of land with a reclamation cost of $5 million into $500,000 worth of coal would be taxed $225,000, and so on. Any substance, no matter how harmlessly extracted, which found its way into beer cans, automobiles, pop tarts, telephones, McDonald's stands, jackhammers, Tang, copies of *Time* magazine, any Azuma product, sensitivity cards, feminine hygiene spray, airline meals, Joan Baez records, pet food, Roast 'n Boast bags, or other items on a special embargo list would be taxed, according to an assigned devaluation table, from $5 to $50,000. Smile buttons would be taxed a flat $5,000 apiece.

Amid persistent rumors that there are as many as a dozen Russian diplomats endlessly making the rounds of Chinese lint factories, trade shows, and minor receptions, trapped for more than a decade in their Checker-like Volgas by the sudden failure of relations between the USSR and the People's Republic, come reports that the Soviet Union is planning to send an unmanned diplomatic mission to China, probably timed to coincide with President Nixon's Moscow visit.

continued



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Tuesday April 11th,
Civic Center, Saginaw, Mich.

Friday April 14th,
McCormick Place, Chicago

Saturday April 15th,
Keele Auditorium, St. Louis, Mo.

Wednesday May 10th,
Austin, Texas

Thursday May 11th,
El Paso, Texas

Friday May 12th,
San Antonio, Texas

Saturday May 13th,
Jackson, Mississippi

Sunday May 14th,
Towson State College, Baltimore

Friday May 26th,
Convention Center, Anaheim, Calif.

Sunday May 28th,
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Saturday June 3rd,
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KURT WINTER



JIM KALE



GREG LESKIW

The New Album by The Guess Who

A Nimbus 9 Production Produced by Jack Richardson



RCA Records and Tapes

continued

The "peace spectacular" will depend on an automatic station, launched from Outer Mongolia and equipped with mechanical arms to give toasts, sophisticated communications equipment, tape recorders set to play anthems and trade small talk, special sampling devices for Peking Duck, and a small, mobile, "buggy" with a television camera to permit visits to the Great Wall and the revolutionary opera. The craft will presumably also have a returnable upper stage with room enough for enamel spittoons and other ceremonial gifts.

However many trans-Pacific hopes, dreams, promises, and ambitions resulted from the trip, the enduring impression of China left on the American public was one of monumental drabness. (Indeed, newsmen found that when they asked Chinese children what they would like to be when they grew up, most replied, "Dead.") But what the ingenious chinks lack in running-dog consumer goods, they more than make up for in sweat and toil. Countless times during the visit they achieved bourgeois parity with their more prosperous guests by sheer force of numbers. For instance, the massive red carpet that greeted President Nixon when he landed in Peking consisted of more than seventy thousand Commies lying end to end on the ground in rows of ten.

Congressional opponents of bussing, although suffering a temporary setback in the passage of the Scott-Mansfield amendment, are nonetheless picking up support daily in the country at large. They plan to introduce further legislation against this "outdated means of forcing social intercourse between *antipathetic cultural modes.*" Also planned is formal opposition to "biking," a barbaric technique that compels young children to be exposed to the corruptive influences of other children, the front yard, and even the corner store; "walking," an insidious process not limited to children, forcing arbitrary contact between people of disparate backgrounds any time of the day or night; and, of course, "talking," a possibly unconstitutional activity widely used in the nation's schools, which has been found to be totally destructive of the most carefully maintained social norms. If, as they anticipate, these actions are successful, congressional leaders plan ultimately to expose other threats to the sanctity of individual freedom, such as "looking," "listening," "touching," and "breathing."



The Democratic National Committee is reportedly considering filing an application with the Federal Communications Commission, backed up with a lawsuit if necessary, to force the major television networks to provide equal time to the leading Democratic Presidential candidates for trips of their own to make up for the coverage given President Nixon on his journey to China. If the move is successful, Senator Muskie will make a two-day visit to Chinatown in San Francisco, where he will meet with top community leaders for a combination fund-raising and get-acquainted banquet at Jimmy's Gate of the Heavenly Egg-Roll; Senator Humphrey will journey to Western Europe, where he will conduct "policy discussions" with any and all European leaders interested in his views. Preliminary arrangements call for meetings with Mrs. Gloria Henthistle, of Fenshot-on-Clyde, Assistant Secretary of the Labour Party for West Albemarle; M. François Lenoir, one of the top speechwriters for the Mayor of Clermont-Ferrand; and Herr Bruno Schlager, deputy director of the Frankfurt Municipal Bus System. Senator McGovern's staff said plans were indefinite, but admitted that, in view of McGovern's "ineffective TV image," any itinerary would be selected with his lack of charisma in mind and would probably feature an excursion to the Luray Caverns. John Lindsay is reportedly planning a stay lasting "a day or two" in New York City.

In one of those extraordinary brazen little tastes of *1984* in which the Nixon Ad-

continued

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I want you to know that you have written one of the best books of all time. One that was long overdue.

From a California swinger

It works! I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said WOW! when he saw her.

From a prep school student in Massachusetts

I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.

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continued

ministration specializes, sound recordings of "live" statements by Prezidential Oberdirektor Henry Kissinger have been forbidden, apparently because it is believed that his heavy German accent might give rise to unwelcome comparisons in the public mind between the policies he enunciates from time to time and those of an interesting European regime of the thirties and forties, which must remain confidential, but whose name rhymes with hotsy-totsy. Since public reaction to the move has been nonexistent, it is understood that the Administration now plans to expand the technique to include other of its spokesmen and principals to correct the individual deficiencies in public image they suffer from. Beginning later this month, Martha Mitchell will speak through a special microphone apparatus with a six-second delay similar to those on phone-in radio talkshows, to permit removal of especially vile comments; Secretary of State Rogers will no longer speak for direct attribution, and all his on-the-record statements will be in the form of subtitles added to videotapes of his press conferences by members of Kissinger's staff; Secretary Laird will answer all questions on the war through interpreters, who will translate his remarks into Finnish, Tamil, Malay, Mandingo, Croat, or Latvian, according to an unpublished schedule; at military briefings General Westmoreland will be played by George C. Scott; Vice-President Agnew will speak through a special Joseph McCarthy doll; and in the future President Nixon will appear at televised press conferences and briefings with a paper bag over his head.

The Defense Department has refused comment on a letter recently released by Representative Ralph Scioteri (D.—Mass.), which the Congressman says he received last month from one of his constituents, Pfc. Vincent Puglisi, who is currently serving in Vietnam with Company A, Third Battalion, of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade. In the letter, Pfc. Puglisi claims to have seen a directive ordering his commanding officer, Lt. Col. Ralph "Brass" Castenet, to produce "an unidentifiable, non-ARVN, friendly-force K.I.A. for ensconcement status in a projected Tomb of the Unknown Soldier to be authorized by the C-in-C." Puglisi says that shortly after seeing the order his dog tags disappeared, and officers and noncoms in his unit began referring to him as "what's his name," "whosimawhatsy," and "what's his face." He also reports that, whenever his uniforms are returned from the post laundry, his name tags are mysteriously missing and that he has been repeatedly selected as point man on the unit's regular patrols of VC-infested areas. □

TRUE FACTS

• A unit of the Cambodian Army has been disbanded by common consent of its 2,400 officers and men—all of whom deserted their posts in a Cambodian rubber plantation, changed to civilian clothes, and scattered into South Vietnam.

"The commandant told us we were not strong enough to fight," said a member of the Twenty-Second Brigade, which fled its posts and abandoned many of its weapons when the South Vietnamese pulled out of Cambodia. "He said we should all leave. So we did."

"This is very, very bad for the Cambodian Army," said Nguyen Van Kiet, information officer for Tayninh Province.

• The Plainfield, New Jersey, police report that a burglar kicked in the rear door of Mrs. Wilma Barnett's home and stole a television set, the kitchen clock, and Mrs. Barnett's full-grown German shepherd watchdog.

• Three Kansas State women were assaulted by an unidentified man early Wednesday morning and given enemas at gunpoint. Police say the man entered the coeds' apartment through an unlocked window and stayed there for more than two hours, working "slowly and deliberately."

This is the fourth such incident on police records, although the man boasted to the victims that he had given sixteen enemas to women in another town. Police in Manhattan, Kansas, said there have been no reports of such incidents elsewhere.

• Peanuts and peanut butter have been banned by a leading white girls' school in Johannesburg, South Africa, because they are believed to be sex stimulants.

• Arrested on charges of malicious mischief, Mr. Frank E. Taylor, eighty-six, of Hollywood, used his one free telephone call to contact Los Angeles International Airport and make a bomb threat.

Sources:
N.Y. Times, N.Y. Times, Kansas State Collegian (M. Price), *London Express, Private Eye.*

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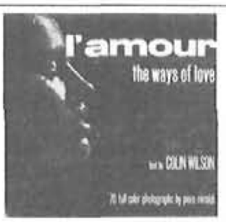
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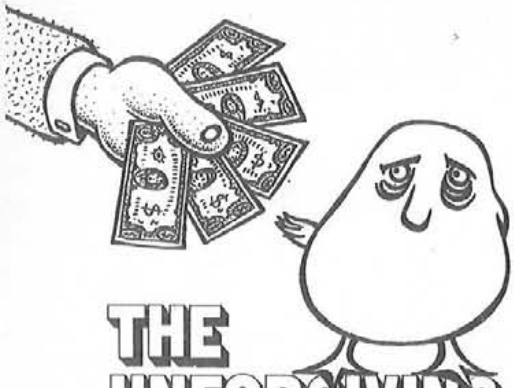
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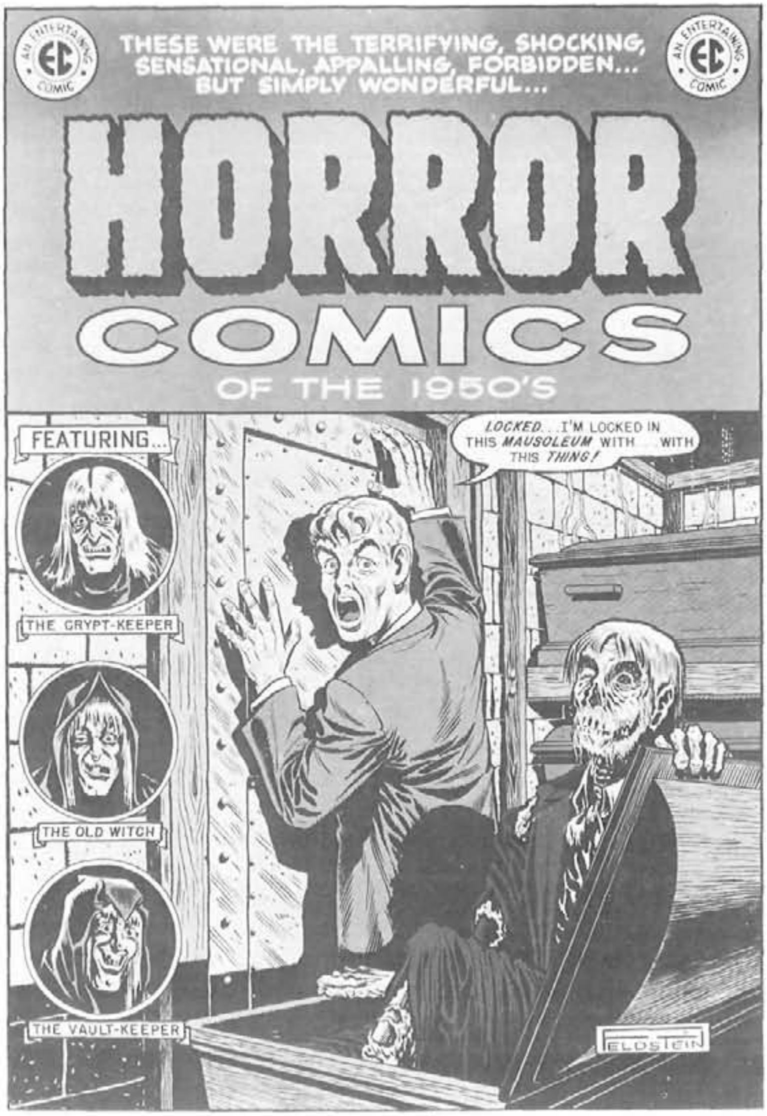
by Paul Krassner

Johnny Carson tried to call Howard Hughes during "The Tonight Show" but failed to make any connection. This became a challenge to me, and after several intermediaries I was finally able to get through. Here is a transcript of our conversation:

PK: You don't know me, sir, but being aware of your own desire for truth, I wanted to check out, well, first, to see if you were actually alive.
HH: Of course I'm alive. Didn't you see the press conference I held on network television?
PK: Yes, but all that those seven reporters did was talk to a disembodied voice on the telephone sitting there in the studio.
HH: Well, I may be a bashful feller, son, but I'm sure as hell a newsmaker. I mean, you take those Vietnam Veterans Against the War. They had to temporarily take over the goddamn Statue of Liberty before the mass media would pay attention. And you take those prisoners at Attica State. They had to temporarily take over the goddamn prison before the mass media would pay attention. But me, all I gotta do is make one lousy little phone call and I'm in like Flynn. That's power.
PK: In like Flynn?
HH: Yep, Errol Flynn. Remember him, the great swashbuckling Hollywood actor? A real ladies' man. In fact, he wanted to call his autobiography *In Like Me*, but the publisher wouldn't allow it.
PK: Speaking of autobiographies, Clifford Irving has been quoted as saying that the success of his hoax was predicated on the belief that either you were dead or not of sufficient mental or physical capacity to denounce the book as a fraud. It would seem to me that he must've been pretty sure you would fit into one of those categories.
HH: Well, let's take them one at a time. First, dead? You're talking to me right this minute, so obviously I'm alive.
PK: Well, I don't mean to be argumentative, but there are ways of—for example, did you see *Diamonds Are Forever*?
HH: Oh, that's one of those James Bond movies, isn't it? No, I'm afraid I don't get much chance to attend the local cinema.
PK: Well, it's definitely patterned after you. And there's a voice box that can sort of change a person's whole speech pattern so it would come out sounding like you.
HH: Sounding like me? It sounds more like science fiction to me. I reckon I'll have to go see that movie. Mostly, I just read the newspapers is all. Why, there was an item this morning, here, listen to this. It's a UPI story datelined Los Angeles: "Ralph H. Canete, twenty-five, collapsed and died Thursday while drying his hair with a hand-held electric dryer. His wife told the Fire Department Rescue Squad she saw a spark flash from the dryer. Authorities said there were no burns on the body and that an autopsy would be performed." Now, doesn't *that* grab ya by the short hairs? I mean, when I was that feller's age, we used to talk about your name being written on a bullet that was eventually gonna kill you, but can you fathom this guy's widow saying, "I guess his name was written on that hair dryer"? It looks to me like this so-called unisex revolution is rapidly increasing the number of sissies around. So I'm alive, all right. But when I do die, you can be sure it won't be as a result of drying my goddamn hair.
PK: What'd you think of the way J. I. Rodale died, of a heart attack right there on "The Dick Cavett Show"? Is that manly enough for you?
HH: Now don't get sarcastic with me, son. J. I. Rodale was a saint when it came to spreading the gospel about physical health. Did you know that Lee Harvey Oswald was seen only minutes after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy with a Coca-Cola bottle in his hand? And Mr. Rodale, he said, and I quote, "Oswald was not responsible for this action. His brain was confused because he was a sugar drunkard. So what is called for now is a full-scale investigation of sugar-consumption crime." I'll tell you one thing, that certainly makes more sense than all this nonsense about the CIA being involved. Why, if that was true, that would mean they took over the goddamn *country* then, wouldn't it? Including *me*, huh?
PK: Are you saying that the growing repression might have been forestalled by the grace of an organic prune?
HH: Very funny. Look, we've established that I'm alive, and that I'm in good physical health. What's left? You wanna know whether I'm insane or not, correct?
PK: Well, I realize that's a very subjective judgment.
HH: Lemme tell you a story. You won't find this in any book about my life, but it's a recent incident that has affected me deeply. Where I live now there are quite a few barnyard creatures around, including a goose named Lucy. Well, one day a dog or a fox or *some*thing attacked Lucy Goosey. She was bleeding real fierce. Well, there was no time to send for a veterinarian. I had to pull what seemed like thousands of maggots out of her myself, with a goddamn tweezers, and then I put in some antibiotics and sewed her up myself. Then she just set outside to begin the slow process of recuperation, but the smell of fresh blood attracted flies, and they just kept coming around and bothering her with their constant buzzing. So now I was just trying to relax—I enjoy sunbathing in the nude—but I felt so sorry for poor Lucy that I started kinda dancing right in front of her, waving my arms to chase the flies away. Then I was gonna sing for her "America the Beautiful"—"For spacious skies . . ."—but then I forgot the lyrics, so I got out my kazoo and just hummed the melody. Now, if you had happened to come upon that scene—picture it, a naked old man playing the kazoo for a wounded goose—you would've figured I had gone plumb out of my mind. But what I was doing was perfectly logical under the circumstances. So, does that answer your question?
PK: I guess so. There's just one other thing. You know, I put out a magazine myself, and I was wondering if I could borrow some money from you so I could publish the thirteenth anniversary issue, because I've been doing all this research on the parts that were left out of the Manson book, and I'll tell you, Mr. Hughes, there's an incredible conspiracy——
HH: Son, you're crazy! □

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist *($3 a year), and author of* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7), available from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.*

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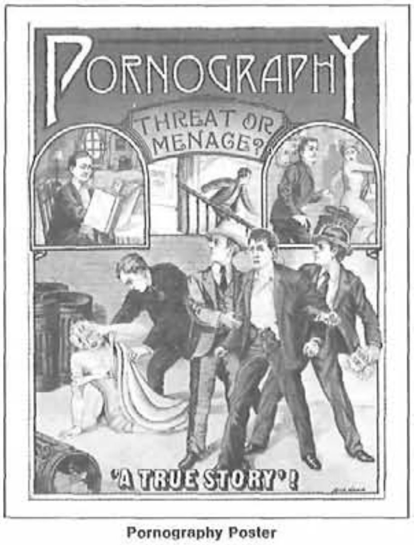

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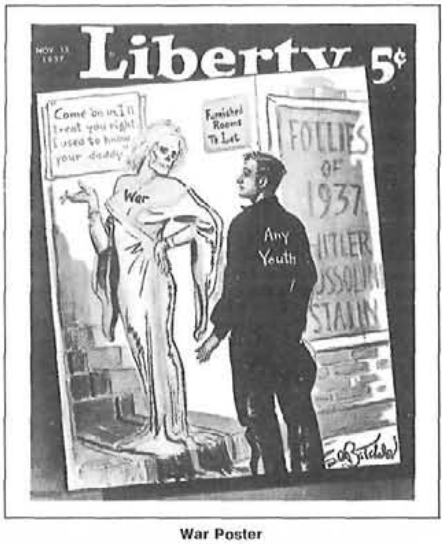


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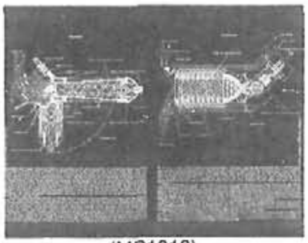


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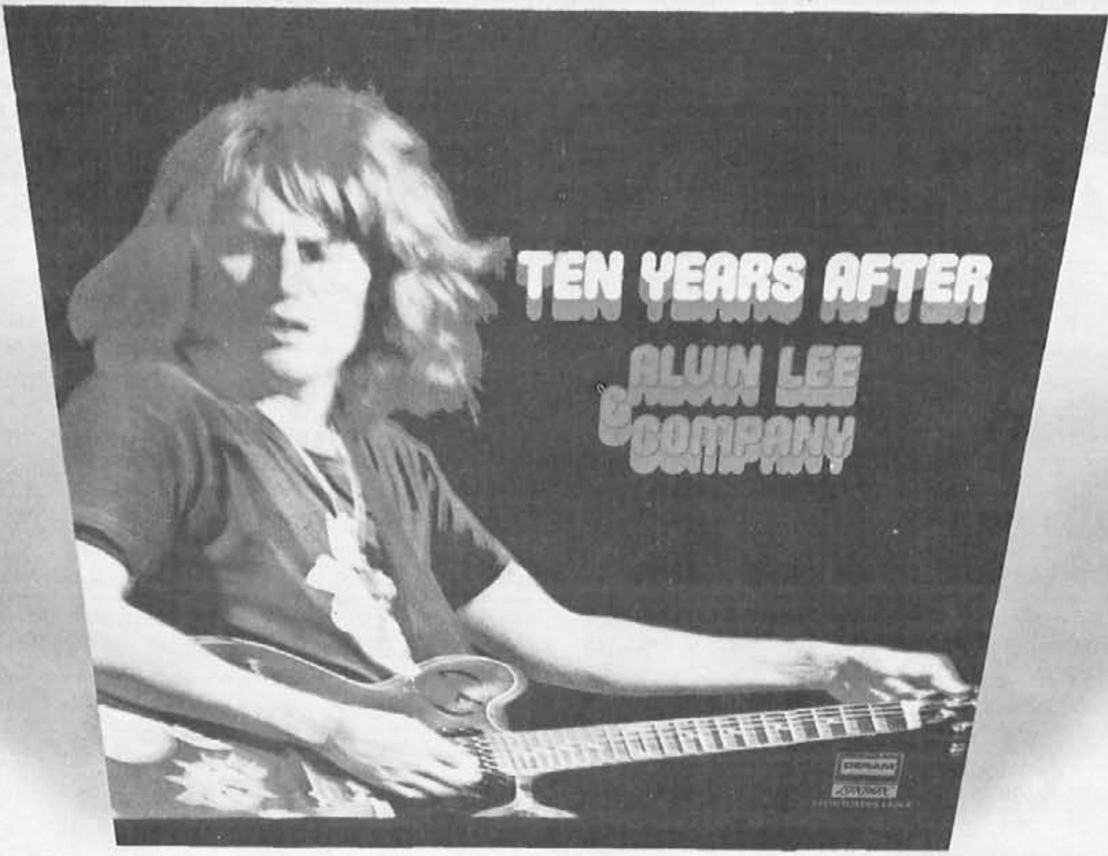
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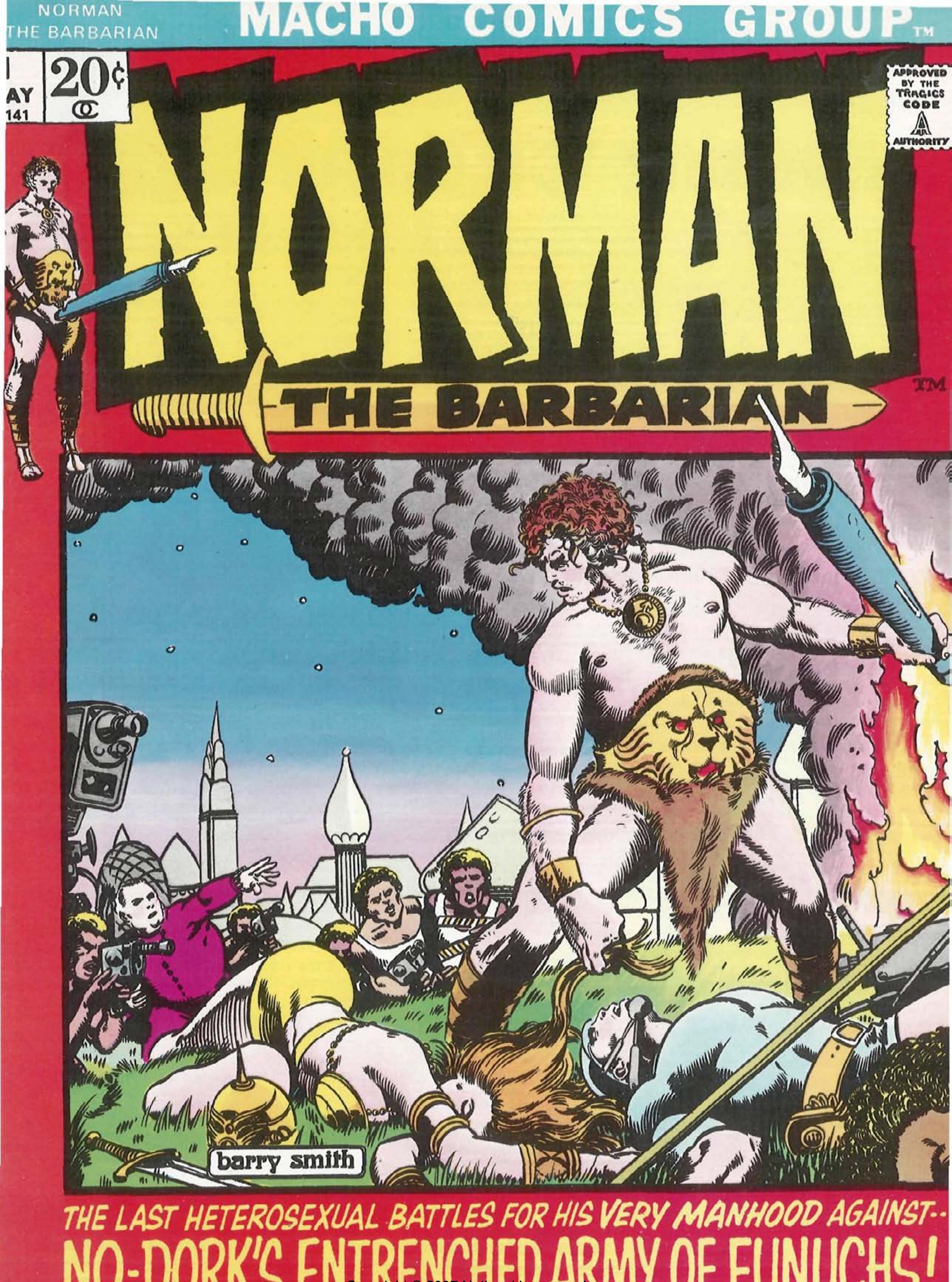
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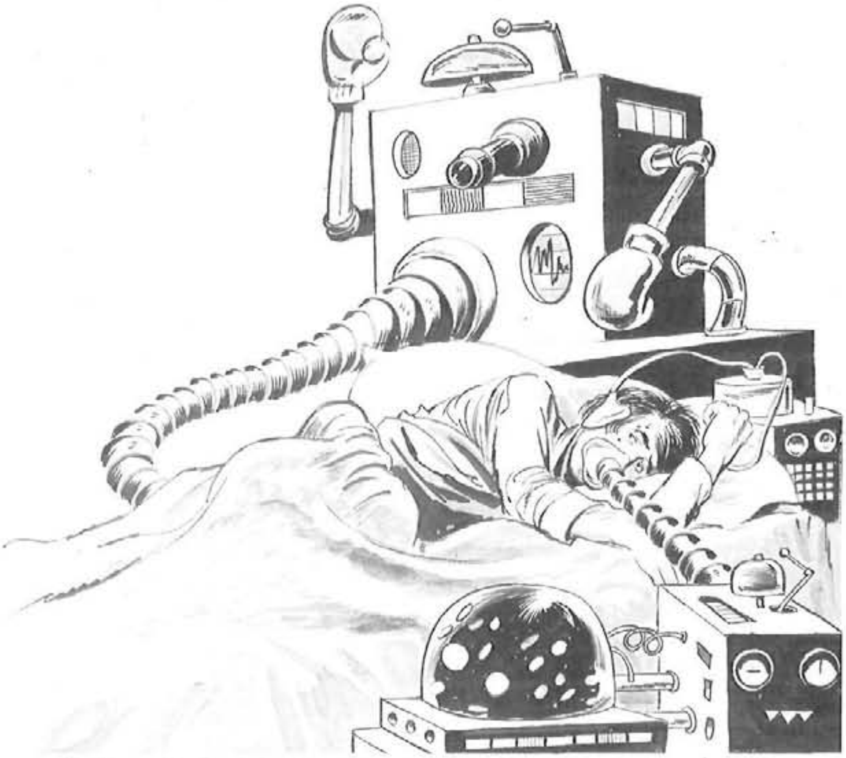
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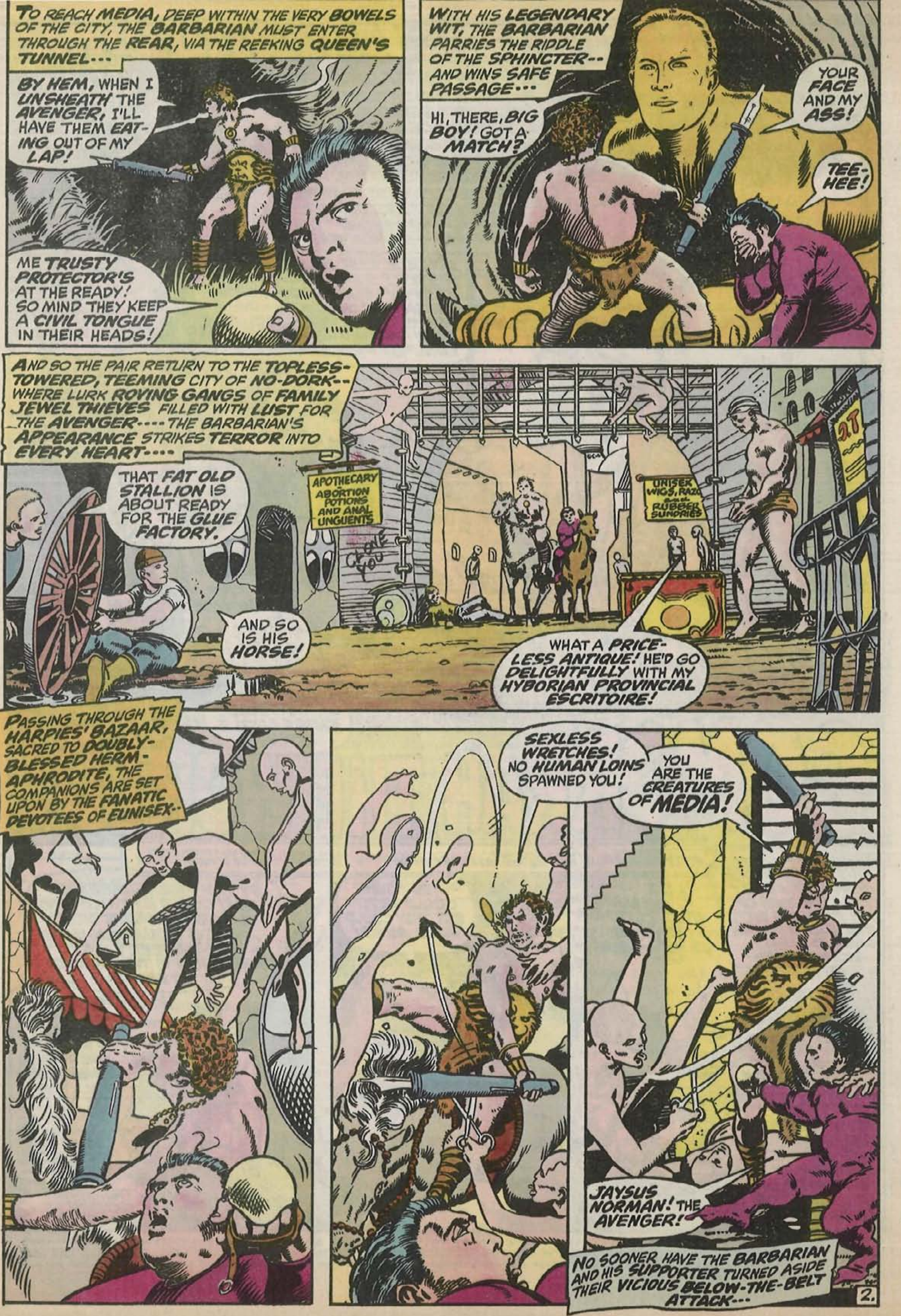
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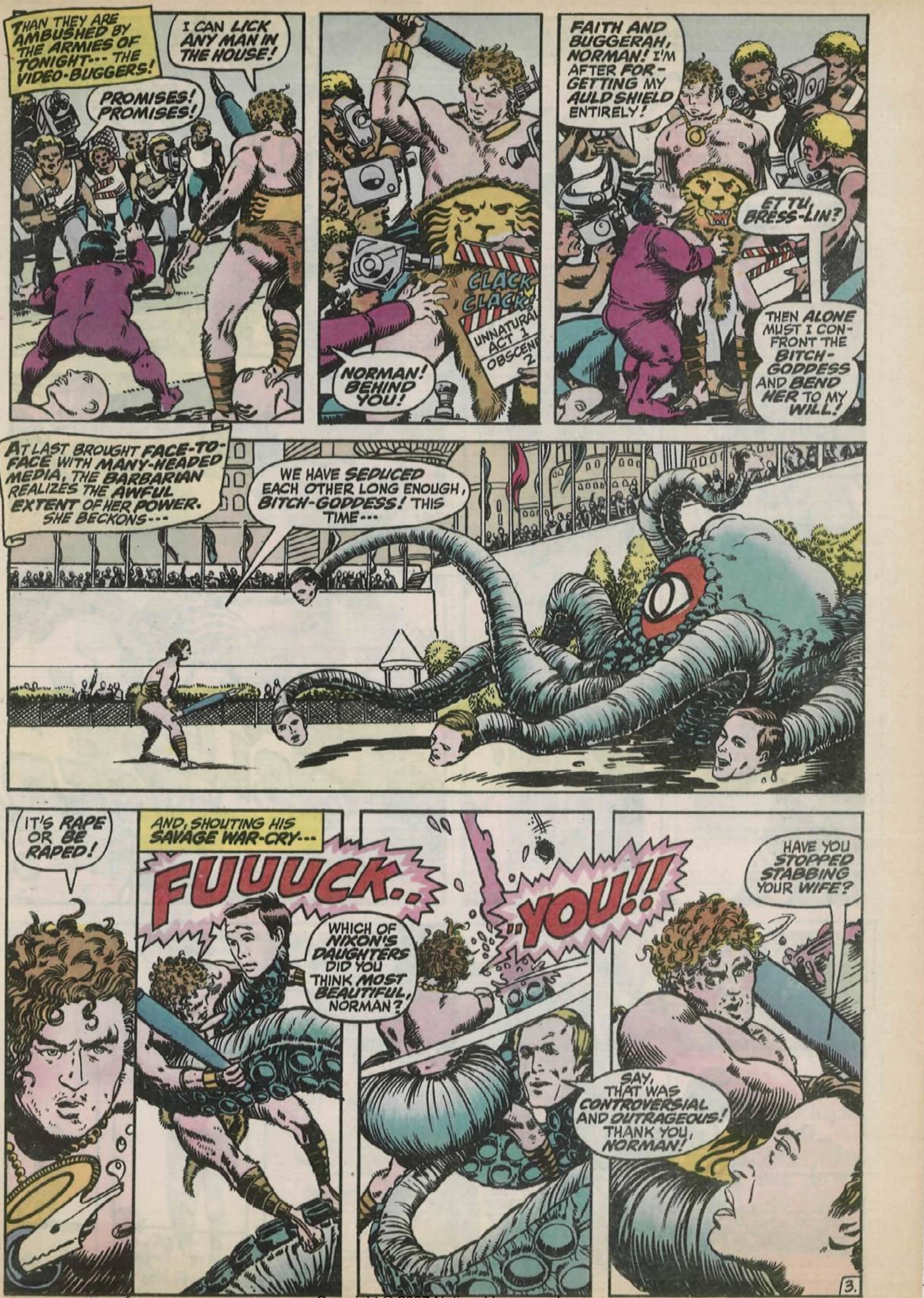
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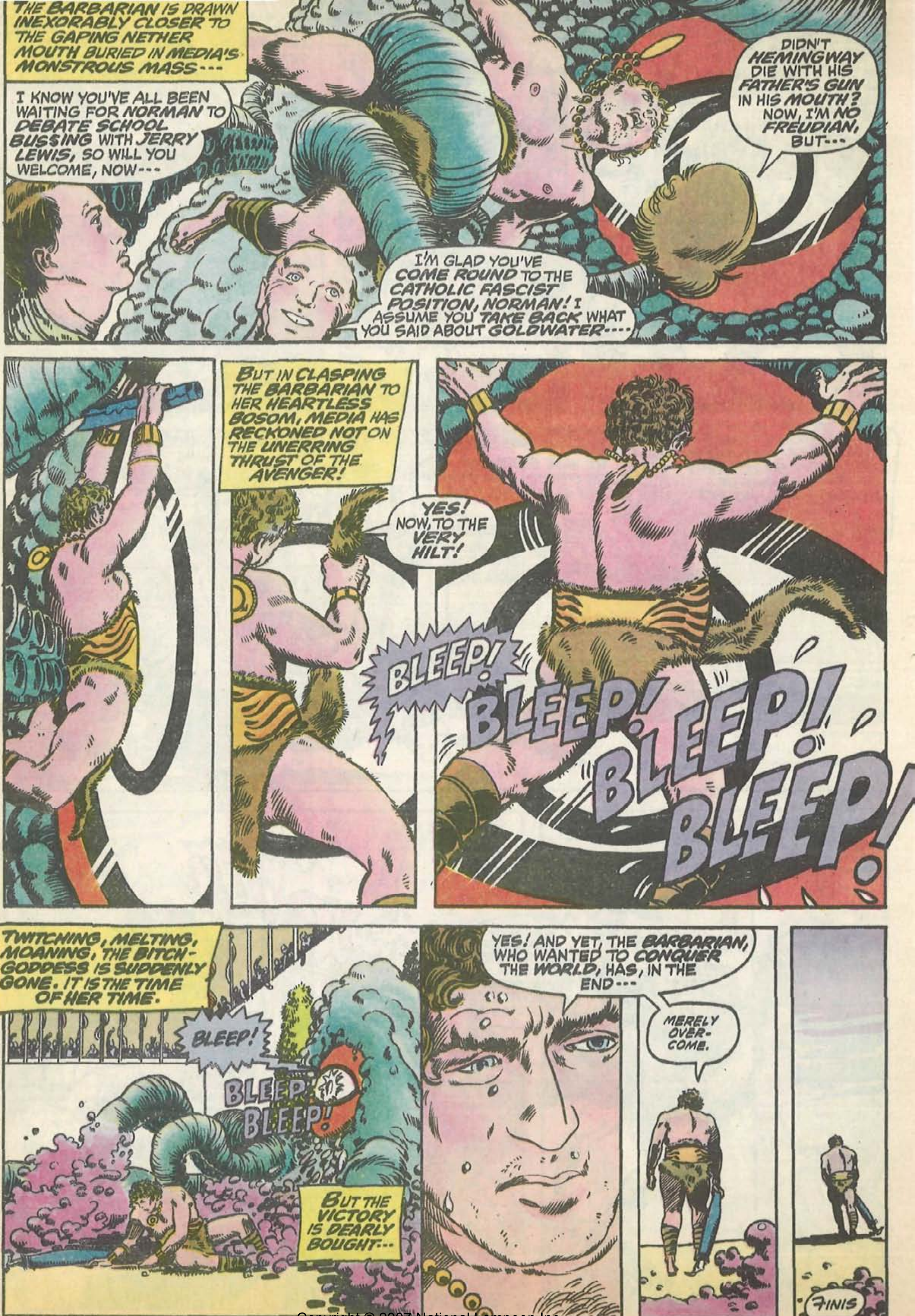
by Ed Bluestone and Anne Beatts



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TO REACH MEDIA, DEEP WITHIN THE VERY BOWELS OF THE CITY, THE BARBARIAN MUST ENTER THROUGH THE REAR, VIA THE REEKING QUEEN'S TUNNEL...
BY HEM, WHEN I UNSHEATH THE AVENGER, I'LL HAVE THEM EATING OUT OF MY LAP!
ME TRUSTY PROTECTOR'S AT THE READY! SO MIND THEY KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN THEIR HEADS!
WITH HIS LEGENDARY WIT, THE BARBARIAN PARRIES THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINCTER-- AND WINS SAFE PASSAGE...
HI, THERE, BIG BOY! GOT A MATCH?
YOUR FACE AND MY ASS!
TEE-HEE!
AND SO THE PAIR RETURN TO THE TOPLESS-TOWERED, TEEMING CITY OF NO-DORK-- WHERE LURK ROVING GANGS OF FAMILY JEWEL THIEVES FILLED WITH LUST FOR THE AVENGER---- THE BARBARIAN'S APPEARANCE STRIKES TERROR INTO EVERY HEART....
THAT FAT OLD STALLION IS ABOUT READY FOR THE GLUE FACTORY.
APOTHECARY ABORTION POTIONS AND ANAL UNGUENTS
AND SO IS HIS HORSE!
WHAT A PRICELESS ANTIQUE! HE'D GO DELIGHTFULLY WITH MY HYBORIAN PROVINCIAL ESCRITOIRE!
PASSING THROUGH THE HARPIES' BAZAAR, SACRED TO DOUBLY-BLESSED HERMAPHRODITE, THE COMPANIONS ARE SET UPON BY THE FANATIC DEVOTEES OF EUNISEX--
SEXLESS WRETCHES! NO HUMAN LOINS SPAWNED YOU!
YOU ARE THE CREATURES OF MEDIA!
JAYSUS NORMAN! THE AVENGER!
NO SOONER HAVE THE BARBARIAN AND HIS SUPPORTER TURNED ASIDE THEIR VICIOUS BELOW-THE-BELT ATTACK---
2.

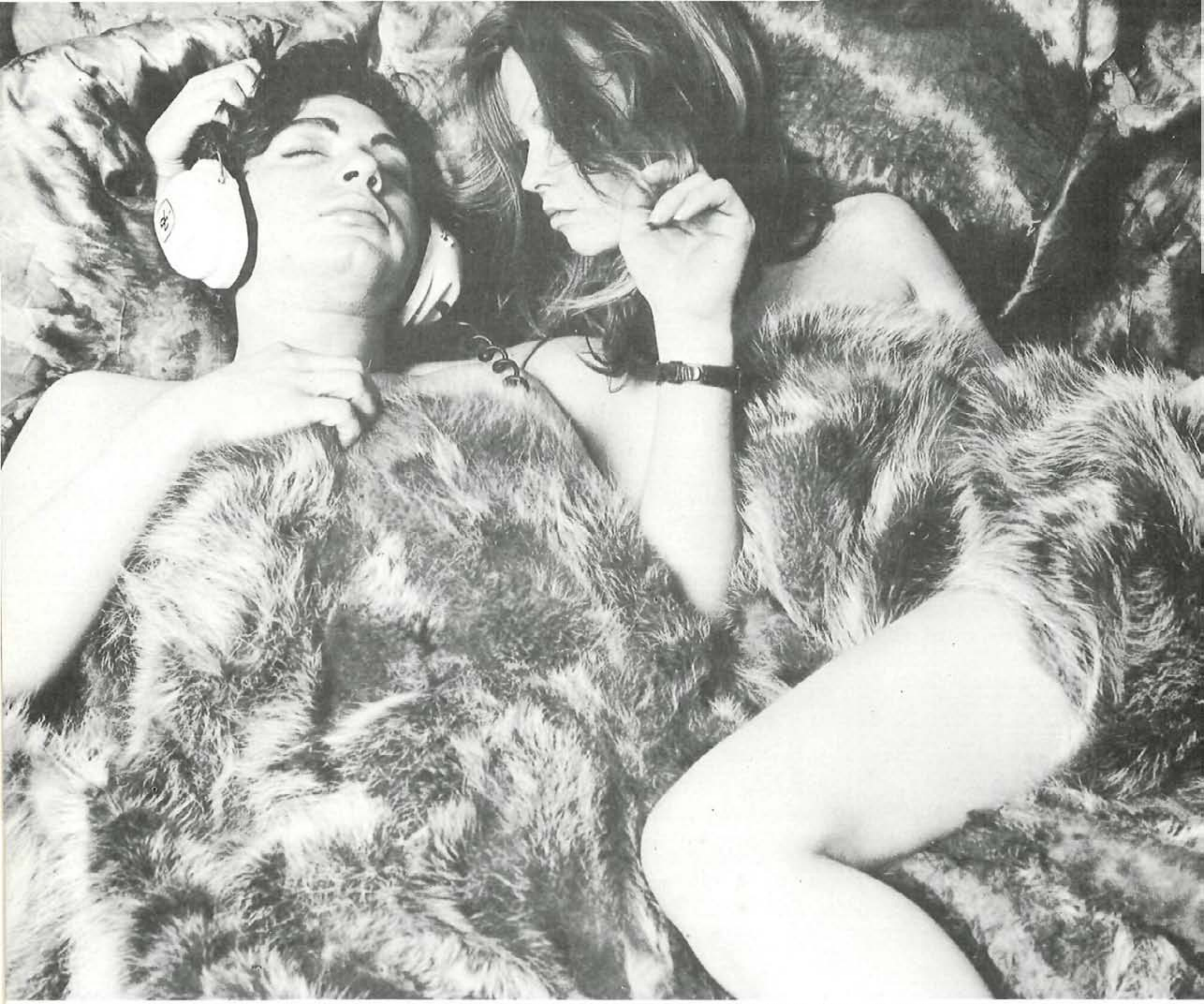

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I CAN LICK ANY MAN IN THE HOUSE!
PROMISES! PROMISES!
CLACK CLACK!
UNNATURAL ACT 1 OBSCENE 2
NORMAN! BEHIND YOU!
FAITH AND BUGGERAH, NORMAN! I'M AFTER FOR-GETTING MY AULD SHIELD ENTIRELY!
ET TU, BRESS-LIN?
THEN ALONE MUST I CON-FRONT THE BITCH-GODDESS AND BEND HER TO MY WILL!
AT LAST BROUGHT FACE-TO-FACE WITH MANY-HEADED MEDIA, THE BARBARIAN REALIZES THE AWFUL EXTENT OF HER POWER. SHE BECKONS---
WE HAVE SEDUCED EACH OTHER LONG ENOUGH, BITCH-GODDESS! THIS TIME---
IT'S RAPE OR BE RAPED!
AND, SHOUTING HIS SAVAGE WAR-CRY---
FUUUCK..
WHICH OF NIXON'S DAUGHTERS DID YOU THINK MOST BEAUTIFUL, NORMAN?
..YOU!!
HAVE YOU STOPPED STABBING YOUR WIFE?
SAY, THAT WAS CONTROVERSIAL AND OUTRAGEOUS! THANK YOU, NORMAN!
3.


THE BARBARIAN IS DRAWN INEXORABLY CLOSER TO THE GAPING NETHER MOUTH BURIED IN MEDIA'S MONSTROUS MASS---
I KNOW YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR NORMAN TO DEBATE SCHOOL BUSSING WITH JERRY LEWIS, SO WILL YOU WELCOME, NOW---
DIDN'T HEMINGWAY DIE WITH HIS FATHER'S GUN IN HIS MOUTH? NOW, I'M NO FREUDIAN, BUT---
I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME ROUND TO THE CATHOLIC FASCIST POSITION, NORMAN! I ASSUME YOU TAKE BACK WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT GOLDWATER----
BUT IN CLASPING THE BARBARIAN TO HER HEARTLESS BOSOM, MEDIA HAS RECKONED NOT ON THE UNERRING THRUST OF THE AVENGER!
YES! NOW, TO THE VERY HILT!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!
TWITCHING, MELTING, MOANING, THE BITCH-GODDESS IS SUDDENLY GONE. IT IS THE TIME OF HER TIME.
BLEEP!
BLEEP
BLEEP!
BUT THE VICTORY IS DEARLY BOUGHT--
YES! AND YET, THE BARBARIAN, WHO WANTED TO CONQUER THE WORLD, HAS, IN THE END---
MERELY OVER-COME.
FINIS

The Rape of the Doll



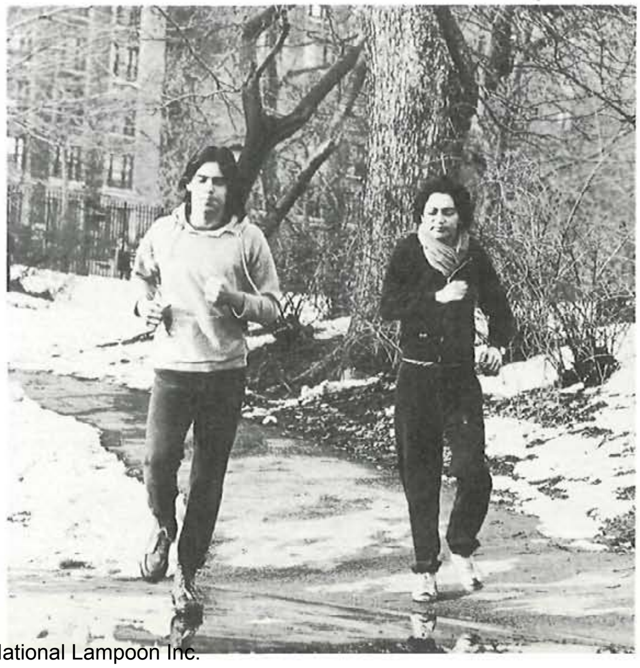
by Lynn Goldsmith



Above: Harold admits to liking "anything with a beat" but prefers Latin-American rhythms. Here, he turns on to some new sounds while fellow music-buff Susy waits her turn. **Below right:** To stay on top of his demanding schedule, Harold keeps in shape by jogging in Central Park.



Although our man of the month has a come-what-May approach to life in general, he is a serious equestrian, and once in the saddle, there's no horsing around!



MUCHO MACHO

latin-about-manhattan harold santiago rodrigues is one hombre who knows what women want

THOSE HOT-BLOODED LATIN men are notoriously savvy about womankind, and this month's star attraction, Harold Santiago Rodrigues, is no exception, as his well-filled appointment calendar attests. "Most American men don't know how to handle women," he says. "Women want to be pampered, true. But they also want a man with *cojones*." A true hedonist, Harold believes in skimming the cream off the top of life, which could find him ski-weekending in Aspen, sunning in Puerto Rico, or back in New York enjoying the best that his adopted city has to offer. With his twin passions—cars and horses—Harold's known for keeping some pretty fast company. But he's no snob. "I hate the whole idea of the beautiful people," he says. "It's a term invented by those on the outside looking in." Hard to blame them when the scene includes Harold. His dark good looks have already won him featured roles in a couple of flicks, and if he ever cares to pick it up, we're betting he has an acting career right at his feet . . . because beneath his he-man exterior and *besame-macho* attitude is . . . Holly Woodlawn.



Harold handles the curves like an expert in his white MG-B. But when attractive driving companion Darlene says, "What a chassis!" chances are she's not just talking about his car.

Right: Harold joins a few close friends for a nightcap. He thinks women should be more than just decorative objects. But sometimes feminine companionship is strictly taboo **(far right)**. "Women and cards don't mix," says Harold, who sets aside one evening a week for poker with the boys.

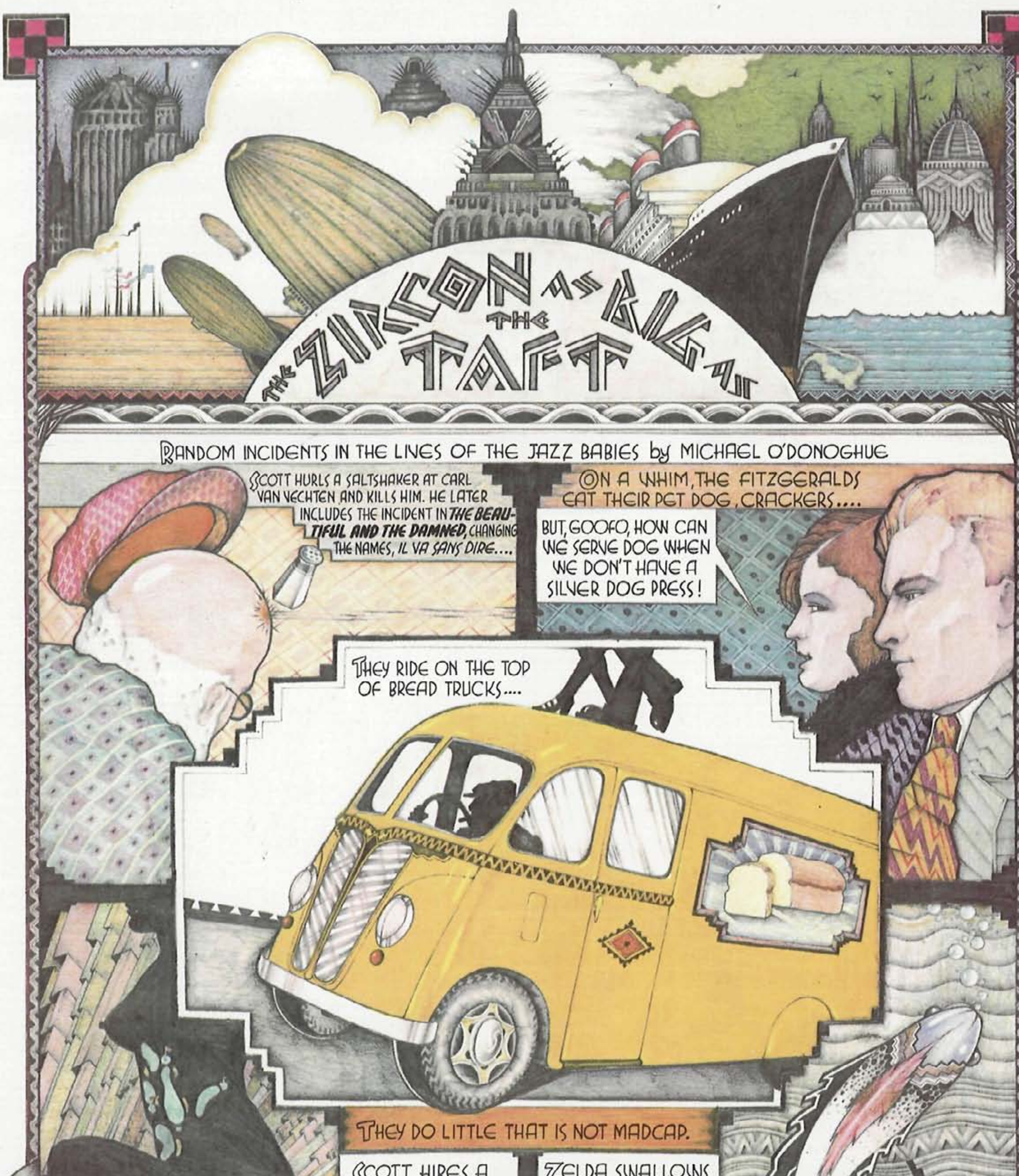


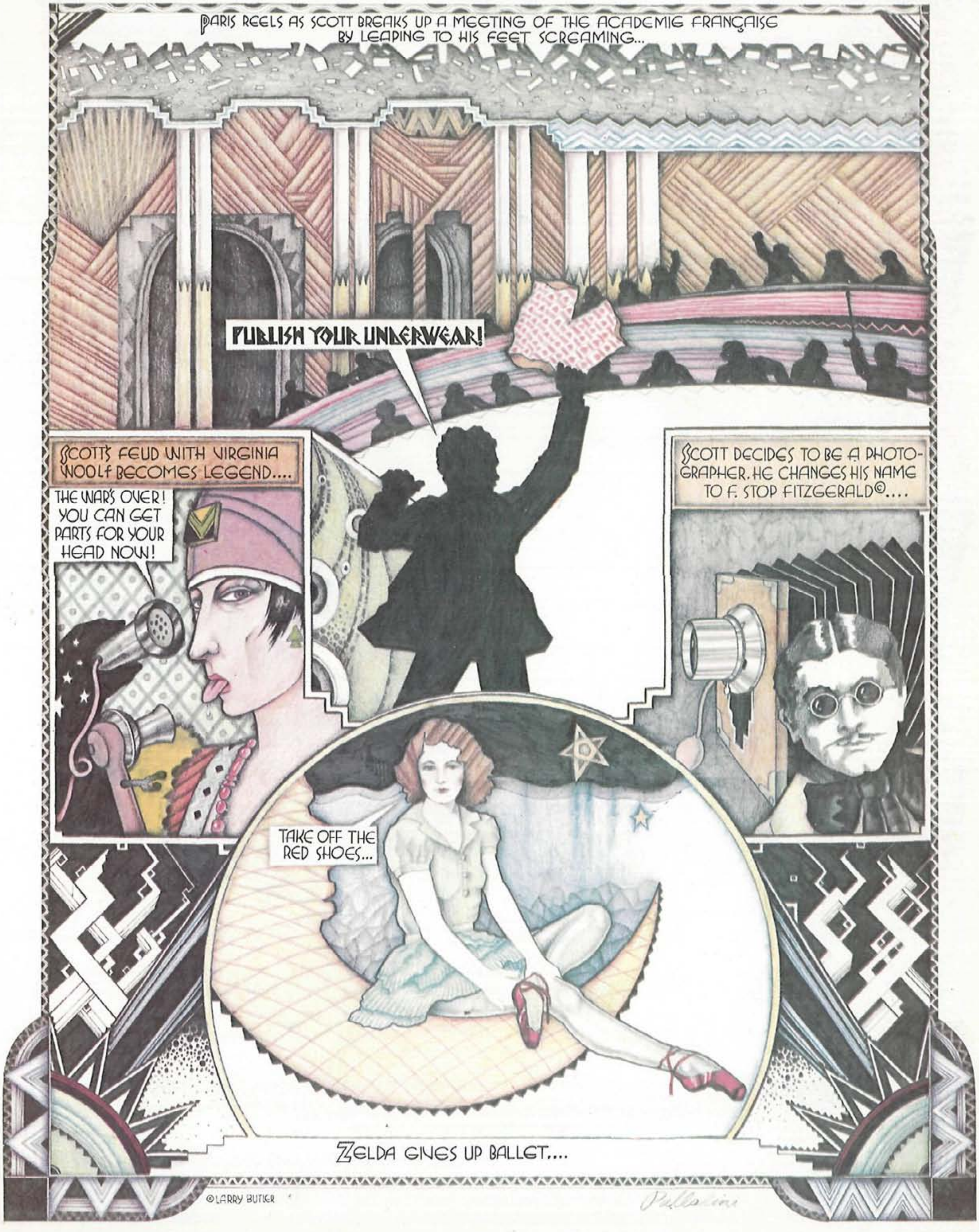


Centerfold: furs by Ben Kahn, jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane, hairstyles by John Cecere Pablo of Henri Bendel.




Holly Woodlawn
MR. MAY


THE ZIRCON AS BIG AS THE TAFT
RANDOM INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF THE JAZZ BABIES by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
SCOTT HURLS A SALTSHAKER AT CARL VAN VECHTEN AND KILLS HIM. HE LATER INCLUDES THE INCIDENT IN *THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED*, CHANGING THE NAMES, IL VA SANS DIRE....
ON A WHIM, THE FITZGERALDS EAT THEIR PET DOG, CRACKERS....
BUT, GOOFO, HOW CAN WE SERVE DOG WHEN WE DON'T HAVE A SILVER DOG PRESS!
THEY RIDE ON THE TOP OF BREAD TRUCKS....
THEY DO LITTLE THAT IS NOT MADCAP.
ZELDA TATTOOS A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE ON HER ABDOMEN....
SCOTT HIRES A GHOST-WRITER TO COMPOSE HIS COMPLETE LETTERS.
ZELDA SWALLOWS ANGEL FISH, CHINESE MOORS. THEY PASS OUT EVERY FEW MINUTES.
Palladini



PARIS REELS AS SCOTT BREAKS UP A MEETING OF THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE BY LEAPING TO HIS FEET SCREAMING...
PUBLISH YOUR UNDERWEAR!
SCOTT'S FEUD WITH VIRGINIA WOOLF BECOMES LEGEND....
THE WAR'S OVER! YOU CAN GET PARTS FOR YOUR HEAD NOW!
SCOTT DECIDES TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER. HE CHANGES HIS NAME TO F. STOP FITZGERALD©....
TAKE OFF THE RED SHOES...
ZELDA GIVES UP BALLET....
©LARRY BUTLER

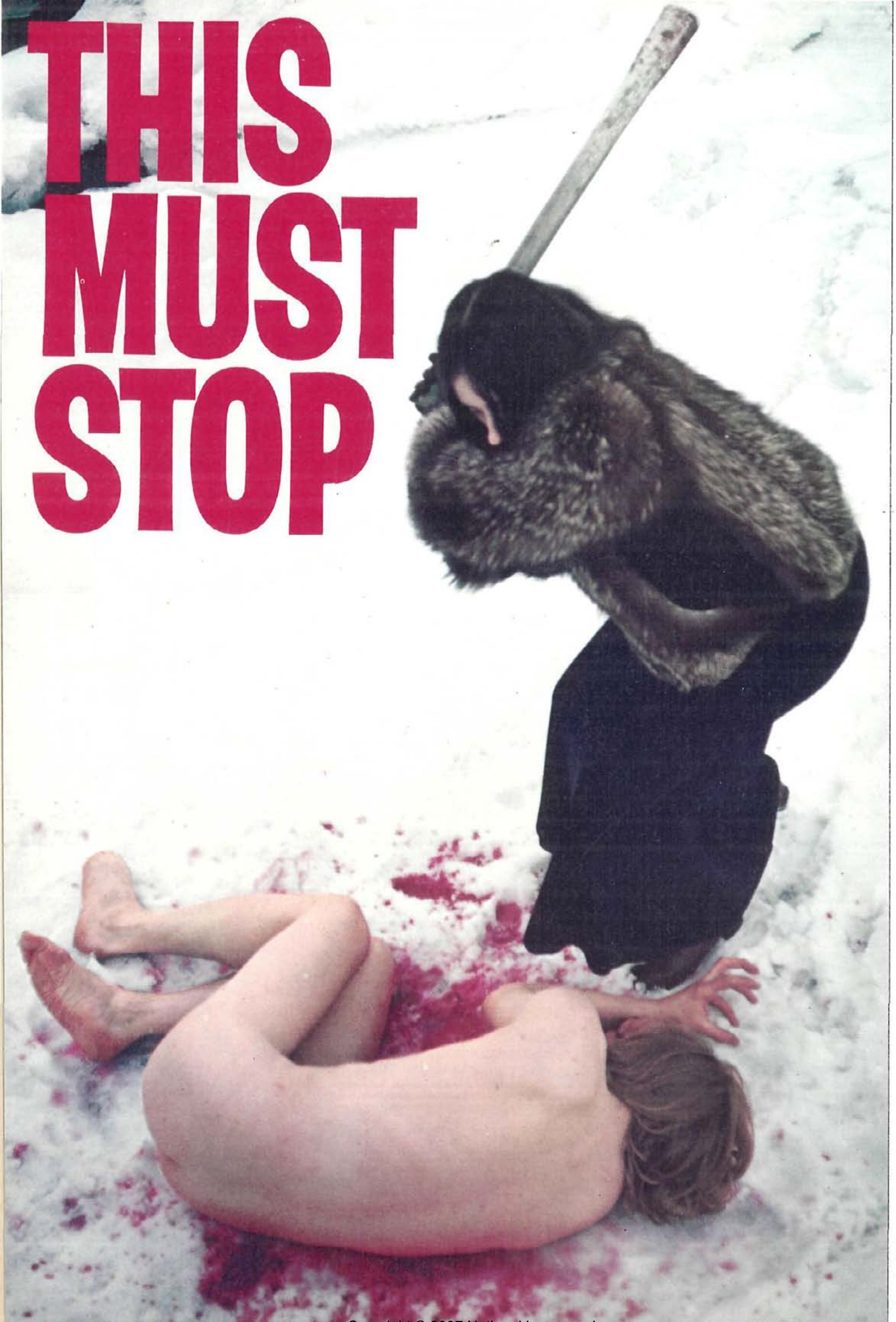


photo by Michael Gross

Mr.

by George W. S. Trow

Notebook...

What a marvelous month to be a man! First of all, it was the month of Male Activist MIKE MUFFIN's giant party at the Midtown Macrame Arena. Mike had the monster macrame palace decorated in the most poignant *sports motif* to recall the days when MEN competed (often successfully) in athletic events. Dozens of fellas from local macrame clubs pitched in and contributed examples of their handiwork, and everything—from elaborate doily to simple crotch-stuffer—was auctioned off in spirited bidding for the benefit of the Male Chauvinist Retirement Home. Legendary NORMAN MAILER accepted a generous check on behalf of the venerable chauvinists, and, incidentally, what a round of applause he got as he was wheeled in!

If Norman had been able to speak, he would, no doubt, have said what was in the heart of each attendee: "Gee, it's great to be a GUY!" . . . Well, sometimes. The action of the all-female Supreme Court upholding Castrational Punishment (they found it "not necessarily cruel, and certainly not unusual") was disappointing, to say the least. Although more and more states are acting to repeal their castration laws, it is sobering to remember that 105 men are still waiting on Castration Row. . . .

. . . We wouldn't dare try to tell you how our busy FIRST MAN Conrad Q. Chisholm spent his month—there just wouldn't be room—but we got courteous Conrad to give us a rundown on one typical day. . . . Thought you'd be interested . . .



8:00 A.M. Up and at 'em for another busy day. Time for good grooming, but *no time* for elaborate cosmetic routines. Conrad's Beauty RX? A good washing with hypoallergenic glycerine soap, a simple milk-based face-mask treatment, a natural moisturizer, and then a good *deep cleaning* with pumice or baking soda. *Nothing fancy* for makeup, just a translucent base and face lubricant; a pure, fresh invisible-on-the-skin wrinkle cream; an imperceptible eyeliner; a fresh, strawberry-look lip color; neutral nail-gloss—and our First Man is on his way!

8:50 A.M. Time to check on preparations for Shirley's breakfast tray. Although Shirley's breakfast is prepared by the White House staff, Conrad likes to add his personal touch, and makes sure that her tray is accented by one perfect red rose.

9:00 A.M. Breakfast with Shirley. The Chisholms discuss a wide range of topics from Shirley's ideas on Conrad's wardrobe to the latest missile crisis. Shirley values Conrad's intuitive opinions on nearly every subject.

10:00 A.M. Conrad goes over White House menus for the day with Master Chef Joanne Froussé. If there is a White House luncheon planned, he makes sure that by every place there is one perfect red rose.

10:30 A.M. Correspondence time! Conrad looks over the hundreds of letters he receives daily from the nation's men. He personally answers letters from the husbands of women lost or missing in action.

11:30 A.M. Shopping, shopping, shop-

continued

To our readers:

Our readers will notice that with this issue we have adopted the new uniform style of "Mr." for all men, regardless of the length or condition of their cock. Upon reflection, we find that we agree with our militant brothers that the nine other forms of address conferred on men by women—based as they are on arbitrary standards of genital size and sexual performance—are degrading and oppressive to the sensitive male. They will not appear again in these pages.

continued

ping. Conrad takes a mad dash through one or two favored stores but denies he's "spending a fortune." It's all off the rack, and all in keeping with the masculine revival, which Conrad *adores*. Conrad buys several of the new leg-defining *daytime pants*, but is a little skeptical of the formal evening pants he sees, as he is careful not to seem too extreme. Chances are Conrad will stay with the caftan for evening.

1:00 P.M. Attends a lunch in his honor, opening Male Pride Week. Sits on the dais with George deVeau, the last surviving man who worked (as a concrete pourer) on massive Boulder Dam. Conrad announces that George deVeau has been elected to the Male Hall of Fame and kicks off a fund drive to build a permanent home for the Hall of Fame in Boulder, Colorado, "The Most Masculine Town in America."

2:30 P.M. No time to change, and no time for elaborate maquillage, but Conrad does catch a moment to "freshen up." First, using a simple solution of borax and lemon oil, he removes all old makeup and some old skin. Then a simple yogurt face pack, followed by fresh asparagus moisturizer and, since more formal events are coming right up, an inconspicuous pancake base. Then just the usual eyeliner, lip color, and neutral nail-gloss, and our First Man is on his way again!

3:00 P.M. At last, a moment to devote to a project Conrad deeply adores: the complete redecoration of the White House. Conrad confers with top decorator Fran Ogden and decides to redo the Blue Room in a "cheddar-cheesish" color, *then* grabs a minute in his hobby shop to work on the magazine rack he is making for Shirley's den.

4:30 P.M. Teatime now. Conrad entertains the husbands of the Washington diplomatic corps.

6:30 P.M. Time to bathe and change for dinner. Nothing "la-di-da" about this operation. Conrad enjoys the refreshing simplicity of a grapefruit bath oil, then applies sour-cream body lotion all over. Rinse and cover with a simple dusting powder made from volcanic ash, and the time-consuming part is done. Now, just a good deep facial cleansing with a simple scrub brush, a moisturizing treatment with hollandaise moisturizer, and then Conrad applies a simple but effective face mask of papier-mâché and mayonnaise. Now just wipe clean with a damp cloth, spray on a hint of cologne, apply the usual eyeliner, lip color, and neutral nail-gloss, and our busy First Man is on his way again!

8:30 P.M. The climax of the day. The State Dinner for Pope Joan, and Conrad is looking his radiant best in a striking orange caftan. Upon reflection, Conrad has applied just one "new look" Bardahl smear on his cheek, and the Pope loves it! Shirley is clearly pleased that Conrad has made such a hit with Her Holiness, as the goodwill of the Pope is essential to ongoing negotiations with pivotal Belgium. And Conrad is pleased, too. "I do occasionally use my masculine wiles," says Conrad, who is fast gaining a reputation as one who can quickly charm any important woman. "One sees these women in their positions of vast power and influence," muses Conrad, "and one forgets that they are human beings."

11:30 P.M. Dinner over, time for a good-night chat with Shirley.

11:45 P.M. Conrad makes sure there are fresh red roses ordered for the next day.

12:00 midnight. And now to bed. No time for anything complicated. Just time enough to remove old makeup with a simple compound of oregano and turpentine and apply a nectarine moisturizer and a simple farina night cream. Then to sleep and ready for another busy, masculine day!

Where We're Coming From...

Male Activists like Dynamic Mike Muffin have put all men, including us, through some heavy changes. Where do we stand now? We believe:

1. Men must have more leeway in buying their own clothes. Men will want to consult their wives, but we feel that a real woman will respect a man more if he *chooses his own outfits*.
2. Men's clothes must reflect their masculine pride. We are glad to see that *most men* have discarded the little aluminum breasts they have worn in recent years. We believe that these little aluminum breasts are symbols of the feminine oppressatrix.
3. We are *proud* of those men who have been able to save enough money out of their allowance to buy their own clothes.
4. We *adore* the masculine revival.
5. We *agree* that, where possible, men should *not patronize* those stores that require Feminine Validation of Purchase forms. We believe that, ideally, men should be allowed to shop alone at least for inexpensive items. In cases where a man must shop in a store requiring validation forms, we believe that a woman should trust her husband enough to give him *presigned purchase-validation forms* for use as he sees fit, provided, of course, that he doesn't abuse the privilege.

But

We *cannot* agree with the radicals that the double standard as it applies to sex should be repealed. Trained biologists, some of them men, have proven conclusively that physiological differences between men and women are such that women must have the freedom to satisfy themselves when the mood strikes. Let's be realistic: the double standard is designed to *protect men* from outrageous sexual demands of their women.

Did You Know That...

Massive Boulder Dam, a crucial link in our hydroelectric system, *was constructed entirely by men?*

The husband of Eleanor Roosevelt, Frank, was a celebrity in his own right and achieved prominence in the prestige government-service field?

Hominolatry—the worship of men—is still practiced by more than 13 percent of the world's population—both men and women?

and that...

At one time, several of the world's great religious figures—including Jesus Christ and Buddha—were classified as MEN?



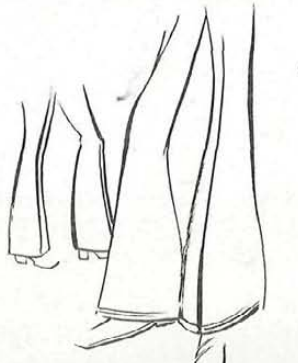
Curricula Vitti Faces Fall...And Comes Up with a Look That's Marvelously Male....

The fashion influential . . . former president of the Penn Central Railroad . . . chucked it all to *design, design, design.* America's fashionable men will wear what she tells them to. . . . "I like that," she admits. . . . What does she look for in a man? "I go for a man with a serious illness," she says, "but nothing obviously terminal. I look for something *chronic,* something lingering. I love men," says Curricula. Married once, for six months, to Herts Anderson, top model. "A divine-looking creature without a thought in his pretty head," Curricula reminisces. "He had a charming speech impediment and the most divine little limp. I miss him awfully." It's no secret in the fashion world that Curricula was devastated when Herts choked on a chicken bone. "We were eating in our room at the Amelia Earhart Hotel when he choked on the chicken bone," Curricula recalls. "I didn't know he was choking. I thought he was *talking.* I thought he was praising the cream gravy, which is, incidentally, always good at the Amelia Earhart." . . . Sometimes turns on her own creations, now "loathes" the little aluminum breasts she introduced for men last fall. . . . Now deeply, deeply committed to the masculine revival.

HAIR "By all means," says Curricula, "let's have hair, especially on the chest and around the genitals. My clothes for fall will *demand* hair around the genitals. I will flay the *skin* off anyone wearing my new pants with a bald crotch. . . ."

PANTS, YES, PANTS

"I've brought them back, back, back for *good,*" says Curricula. "My evening pants still have the full-skirted look, but my pants for day *define* the leg. I have modeled my design on the classic and severely masculine style worn by Marlene Dietrich. . . ."



MAKEUP "I forbid men to wear *one drop more* of that avocado pancake makeup I made them wear last year. It's as dated as those stupid aluminum breasts. Why they fell for all that silly-looking shit *I'll* never know. This year I decree the Total Masculine Look in makeup:

Scars: "Require the very simplest cosmetic surgery. Might as well do it *yourself,* because the more you botch it, the more 'original' your Total Masculine scar will look. Sissies can stick to my line of paste-ons."

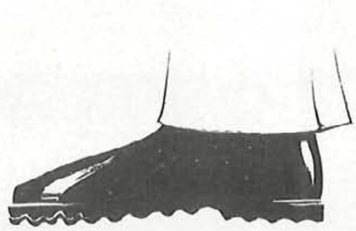
Dirt: "No, don't think you can use the dirt you give your geraniums on your face or under your sensitive fingernails. Use my hypoallergenic, long-lasting synthetic. Using so-called 'real dirt' is a false economy. 'Real dirt' is water-soluble, and a little shower can ruin your Total Masculine Look."

Bardahl Smears: "Worth the extra pennies. Outlasts dirt and lubricates the skin with gentle petroleum action. Tells *her* you haven't forgotten your masculine motoring heritage."

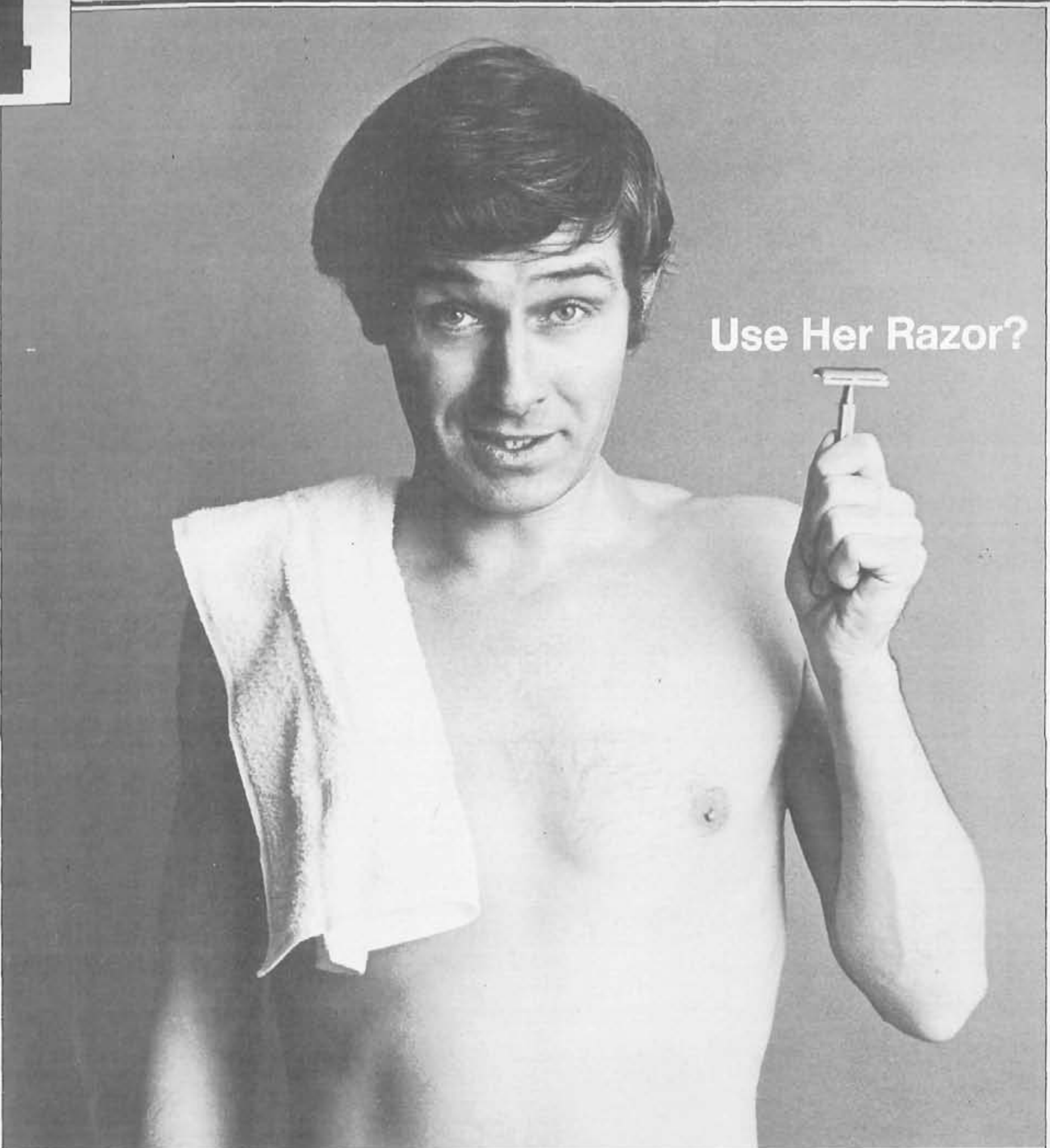
Calluses: "Take those silly satin hands of yours and work them over something rough (at last a use for those aluminum breasts!) until it's *good and painful.* You'll develop the most convincing set of calluses ever. . . . *Or,* opt for my paste-on collection."



THE HEEL "Down, down, down. I'm so sorry I made everybody wear six-inch heels last year. Looking back, I think they were kind of silly and *almost unmasculine.* This year, I love the look of overstated overshoes with no heel at all, just that marvelous mystique of the Masculine Sixties."



4



To slash my wrists, maybe.
To shave my face, never.

My body isn't built like a woman's . . . why should I use a woman's razor? *Her* razor was built to slice through the barbed-wire entanglement on her legs, so it's great for dicing carrots or carving linoleum, but all wrong for my tender face.

I'm so glad I have a razor of my own. A razor for *me*, for the very special, very manly way I feel now. A razor that helps me avoid unsightly epidermal rash (*and* the spanking I used to get when she caught me using *hers).*

Thank you, Lady Shuck, for creating MISTER RAZOR just for me.

And thanks, MISTER RAZOR, for coming in six MALE PALE shades for spring . . .

Macho Mauve
Ballsy Beige
Brute Buff
Potent Peach
Two-Fist Amethyst
. . . and Stud Ocher

MISTER RAZOR
by Lady Shuck



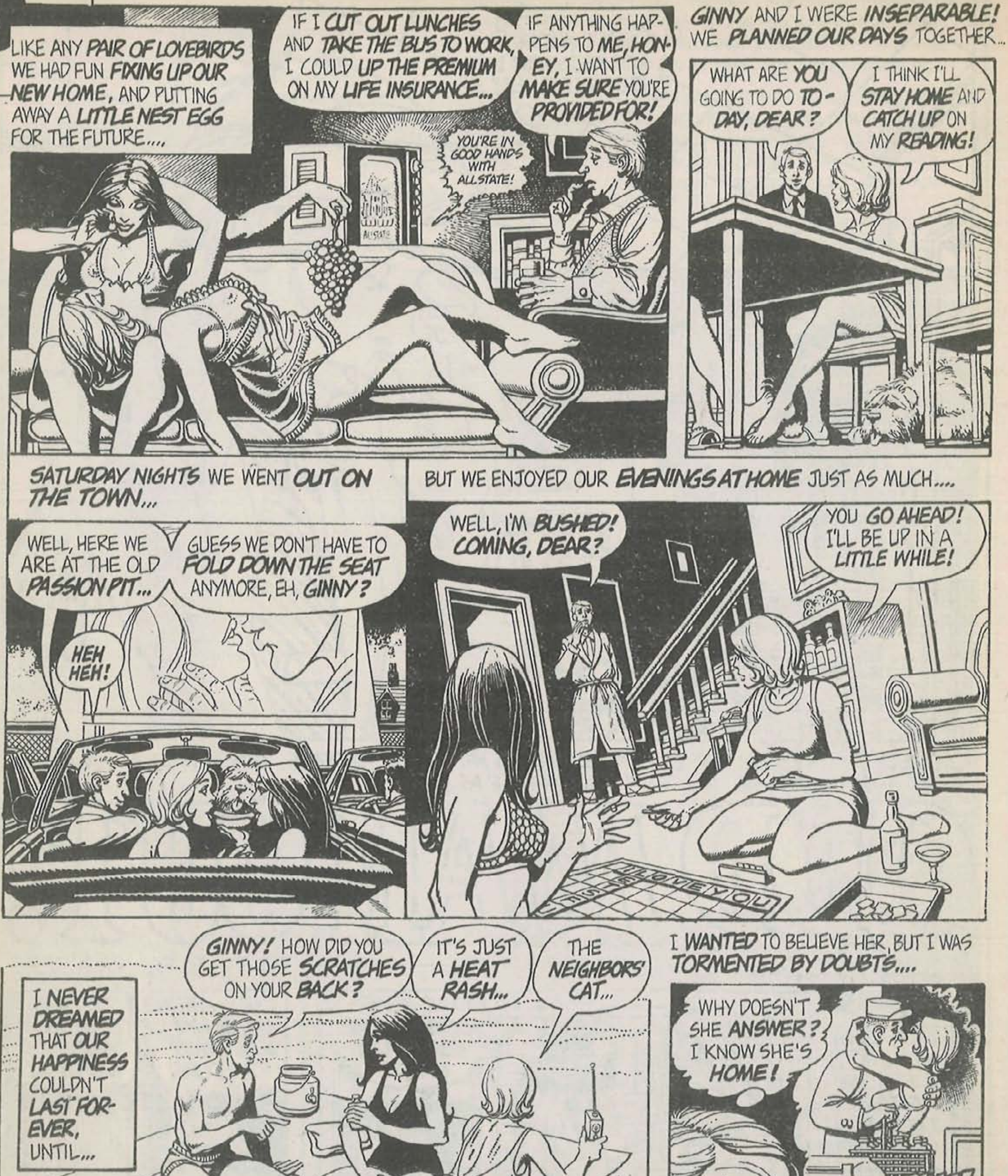
HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT **ONLY FOUR MONTHS** AFTER **OUR WEDDING**, **GINNY** WOULD BE **HAVING AN AFFAIR** IN **OUR OWN HOME**, AND THAT I WOULD WIND UP AS...

ODD MAN OUT!

AS TOLD TO MICHEL CHOQUETTE AND ANNE BEATTS — ILLUSTRATED BY: RALPH REESE



6



LIKE ANY PAIR OF LOVEBIRDS WE HAD FUN FIXING UP OUR NEW HOME, AND PUTTING AWAY A LITTLE NEST EGG FOR THE FUTURE....
IF I CUT OUT LUNCHES AND TAKE THE BUS TO WORK, I COULD UP THE PREMIUM ON MY LIFE INSURANCE...
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, HONEY, I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE PROVIDED FOR!
YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS WITH ALLSTATE!
GINNY AND I WERE INSEPARABLE! WE PLANNED OUR DAYS TOGETHER...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TODAY, DEAR?
I THINK I'LL STAY HOME AND CATCH UP ON MY READING!
SATURDAY NIGHTS WE WENT OUT ON THE TOWN...
WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE OLD PASSION PIT...
GUESS WE DON'T HAVE TO FOLD DOWN THE SEAT ANYMORE, EH, GINNY?
HEH HEH!
BUT WE ENJOYED OUR EVENINGS AT HOME JUST AS MUCH....
WELL, I'M BUSHED! COMING, DEAR?
YOU GO AHEAD! I'LL BE UP IN A LITTLE WHILE!
I LOVE YOU
I NEVER DREAMED THAT OUR HAPPINESS COULDN'T LAST FOREVER, UNTIL...
GINNY! HOW DID YOU GET THOSE SCRATCHES ON YOUR BACK?
IT'S JUST A HEAT RASH...
THE NEIGHBORS' CAT...
I WANTED TO BELIEVE HER, BUT I WAS TORMENTED BY DOUBTS....
WHY DOESN'T SHE ANSWER? I KNOW SHE'S HOME!
RING!
TIME IS MONEY


7
THIS COULDN'T BE HAPPENING! NOT TO GINNY AND ME... HADN'T WE BEEN EVERYTHING TO EACH OTHER? OR HAD I BEEN TOO BLIND TO SEE THERE WAS SOMEBODY ELSE IN HER LIFE?
SHE CAN'T LOVE BOTH OF US! IT'S HIM OR ME!
EVERY OUNCE OF MUSCLE IN ME WANTED TO TAKE WHOEVER HAD STOLEN MY GINNY AWAY FROM ME AND POUND HIM TO A PULP!
I WAS PREPARED FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT WHAT I SAW~ GINNY KISSING KAREN... HER OWN SISTER... ON THE LIPS!
MY WORLD WAS CRUMBLING AROUND ME....
IT'S HER OR ME, GINNY! EITHER SHE GOES, OR I DO!
SHUT THE DOOR WHEN YOU LEAVE!
I CRIED UNTIL I THOUGHT MY HEART WOULD BREAK.... THEN I THREW A FEW THINGS INTO A SUITCASE AND RAN HOME TO FATHER!
MARRIAGE IS GIVE-AND-TAKE, SON! TRY TO SEE IT HER WAY!
DAD PERSUADED ME TO GIVE GINNY A SECOND CHANCE....
GINNY, I'M BACK!
WELL, LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN...
TWO'S COMPANY, GARY!
GINNY AND HER SISTER WANTED NO PART OF ME, BUT THIS TIME I WAS GRATEFUL!
BECAUSE THIS TIME, WHEN I WENT HOME AGAIN... I FOUND OUT JUST HOW CLOSE A BOY AND HIS FATHER CAN BE!
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS, SON....
THAT'S MY POP!
The End.

A Clean Breast

Our readers' intimate questions answered by Alice Aforethought, M.D.

Dear Alice,

My wife and I have always planned to have a child. Last month I discovered that she planned to have the child herself. Alice, I want to bear that child.

MAN WITH MATERNAL LONGINGS
Reading, Pa.

Dear Man with Maternal Longings:

I am mailing out a copy of my booklet "Your Right to Bear Children." Obviously, you don't need it, as you seem completely aware of your potential as a child-bearer and determined to develop it. No, I am sending the booklet so that, in an understanding way, you can show it to your wife. Obviously, she is having a love affair with the past. Is she a Mennonite? If she is a difficult case, to preserve the myth of her femininity you may have to submit to a simple operation to "enable" you to have children, although the fact is that these operations (go to a hospital if you like the atmosphere, otherwise make an appointment at any good hairdresser's) are gilding the lily. Men who have mastered a few simple exercises are perfectly able to bear children any time after the age of ten.

Dear Alice,

Lately my husband has not been his usual cheerful, uncomplaining self. He seems bored, tired, and listless. Often he bursts into tears for no apparent reason. When I come up behind him and grab him while he is standing at the sink, he knocks my hands away. He is forever pleading a headache. What can I do? Please print your answer so he will see it. He knows I approve of his reading your column.

WORRIED
Sparta, Ill.

Dear Worried:

Without an outlet for their creative impulses, men tend to become irritable and even neurotic. The fact that his wife is a good provider, or has the most prestigious job of any woman in her circle, is simply not enough to sustain the male ego. I advise you to encourage your husband in his hobbies—his bowling night, his card games—if you want to avoid stress and strain at home. A second factor could be the inability to attain menopause as a result of physical or psychological handicaps. If your husband suffers from M.I. (menopausal impairment), I suggest he see a physician or psychiatrist to get to the root of his problems.

Dear Alice,

One of the guys in my steno pool says there's no such thing as mutual menopause. Gee, Alice, is that the straight dope, or is he giving out a line of the old bunkum?

ALMOST OVER THE HUMP
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Almost over the Hump:

Menopause is a beautiful thing, but it takes on a special meaning when it takes place within the bonds of matrimony. All of God's creatures (and many of His more sophisticated plants and minerals) experience menopause, but only in human beings is it linked with emotion—suicidal anxiety, etc. Whether your menopause will be a wham-bam-thank-you-ms or a meaningful experience you'll remember for the rest of your sexless days is up to you. Remember, menopause is a two-way street. And be glad you live in these modern times when health problems can be openly discussed.

Dear Alice,

My wife and I bought a lovely pair of kids from our local Ti-Grace Punk City last summer, and they're doing just fine. Lately, though, we've noticed that the male kid is getting obsessed with his "sister"'s organs. Also, he refuses to urinate standing up and won't hose the begonias. Sometimes he even tucks his little weenie between his legs and walks around the house in a tutu made of Reynolds Wrap and pretending to be Dorothy following the yellow brick road. Is this abnormal?

FATHER OF TWO
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Father of Two:

Not at all. Your little boy is going through a very normal stage of fascination with the female organs. He is wishing that he was nice and smooth between his legs instead of having that embarrassing lump of wrinkled ground-round hanging down there. This is known to child psychologists as venus envy. Although this feeling of inadequacy will always stay with him in some form, sooner or later it will dawn on him that, instead of a nice warm socket, he is saddled with his ugly wart for life. A tactful explanation of the facts of life coming from you at the present time can help to soften the blow of finding out that his venus envy is a hopeless dream and make it easier for him to submit to his role in society in the future.

Dear Alice,

I'm fading fast, Alice. I've only had it up twice in the last six months, and both times it was when I was changing the Kitty Litter. My wife, Alice, she's still going strong. Hell, if it was just the vibrator, I wouldn't mind, but Alice, she goes to bed with the automatic rug-shampooer. My clergywoman's no help at all, and I'm beginning to wonder if there's anything at all in this mutual menopause thing.

LIMP AS A MACKEREL
Port Arthur, Wash.

Dear Limp As a Mackerel:

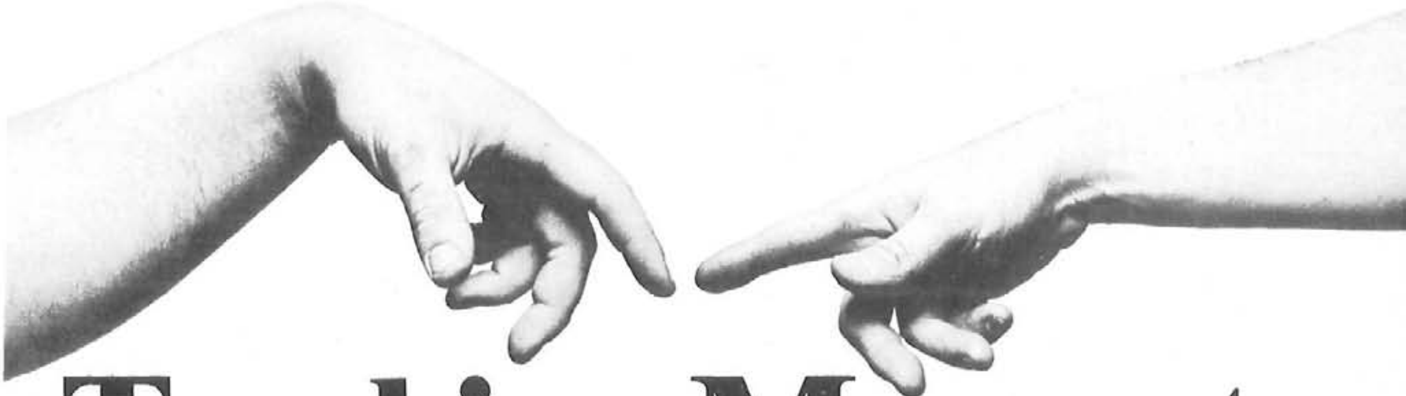
I'm always glad to hear from young people. Why not send for my booklet "Myths of Menopause." Here, I'll explode a sample myth or two for you right now.

Myth: Nice children don't experience menopause. Menopause is no respecter of social class. No, indeed. A recent survey of a preteen dancing class in posh Winnetka, Illinois, showed that 47 percent of the boys and 53 percent of the girls showed positive menopausal symptoms.

Myth: Menopause occurs after puberty, exclusively. Thank heavens fewer and fewer people are falling for this old chestnut. Fact is, more and more "with-it" kids are opting for the simultaneous puberty-menopause lifestyle because they find it simplifies their difficult teen years and leaves them more time for worthwhile pursuits like crafts and writing letters to foreign countries!

I tell it like it is!

The opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the editors. Send all correspondence to: A CLEAN BREAST, Box 290, Union Square Station, New York, New York 10003. □



Touching Moments

by George W. S. Trow

The truth is this: men want, crave, long to touch each other all over all the time—and can't. Men will go to extraordinary lengths to touch other men.

WAR
SPORTS
HEALTH CARE

are the three fields of human endeavor specifically contrived to satisfy man's desire for masculine body contact. With the introduction of push-button armaments, War has ceased to provide satisfactory opportunities for touching, and its popularity among men of all ages has declined. Sports and Health Care have had to take up the slack.

Some men not in the War, Sports, or Health Care fields manage to touch other men enough to maintain their sanity. These men are mostly Italian. Other men (bank tellers, for instance, who rarely get to touch more than an occasional fingertip) wither up and die from lack of touching. This diagram is designed to help those men not in the War, Sports, or Health Care fields to a deeper understanding of the possibilities of socially acceptable intermale touching. Be aware, however, that there is no substitute for a career in the Health Care for Military Sports Teams field.

To maximize touching opportunities make friendships with:

- The sick and dying
- Friends and relatives of the sick and dying
- Famous political and show-business personalities (esp. Sammy Davis, Jr.)
- Italians

Frequent airports. It is possible to touch complete strangers all over by pretending to mistake them for arriving relatives.

Last resort—the "Here, let me help you" ploy. Some experts have given up all other body-contact ruses to develop and refine this flexible classic. Masters of this ploy are able to *get what they want* (even hard-to-come-by mid-body contact) by offering uncalled-for assistance in public. One master has been known to say, "Here, let me help you pull up your socks," and proceed to get *full calf contact* in plain view of a noontime Madison Avenue crowd. So convincing was the master's *tone of genuine concern* that the man whose calves he felt thanked him profusely; though his socks were quite in order all the time!

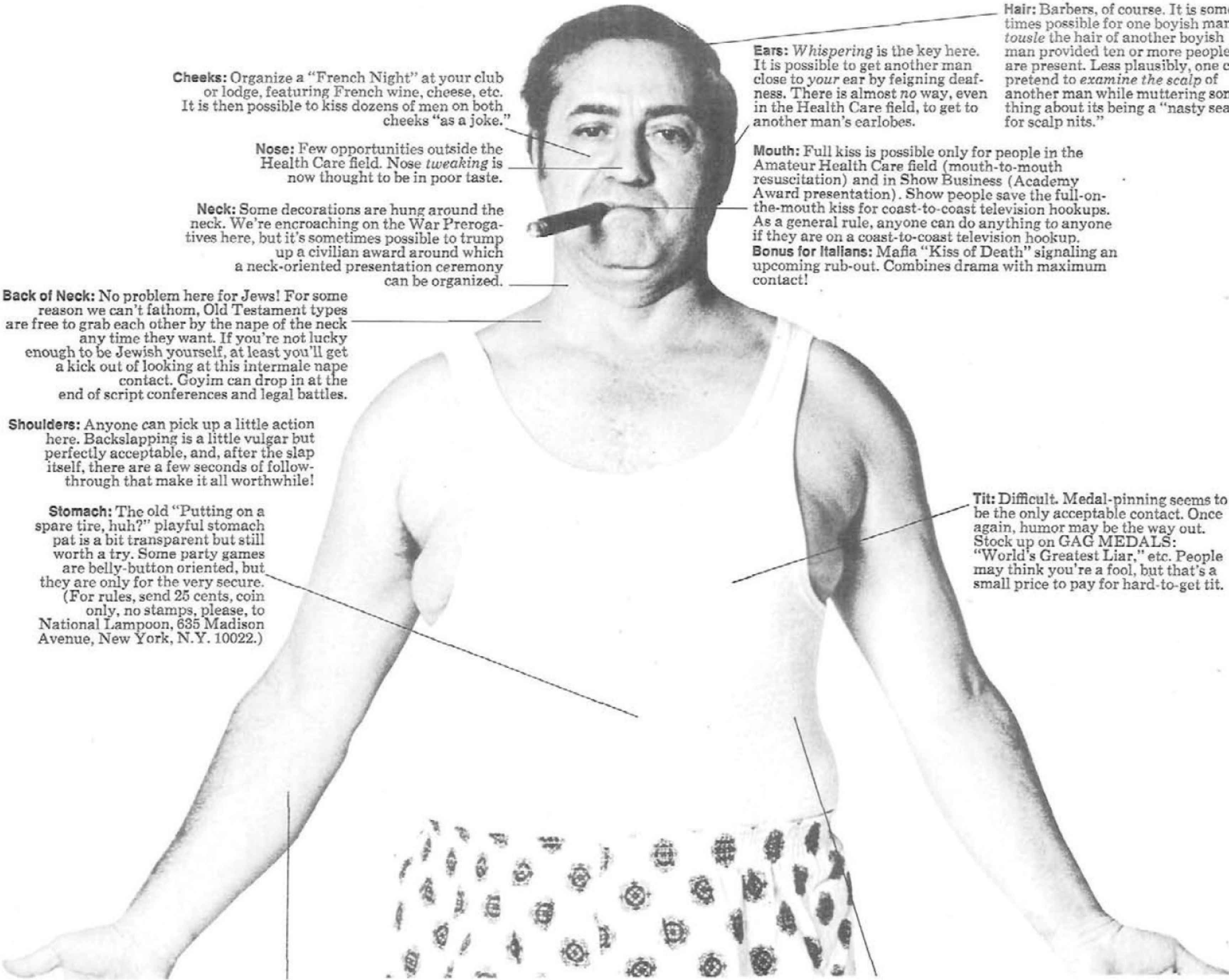
Frisking. Some men eschew frisking as unsubtle; others value the opportunity it provides to reach otherwise inaccessible parts of the masculine body, but in any case frisking has now passed out of the precinct house into the airport (where "special sky-jack marshals" pleading "fluoroscope failure" put their hands *everywhere they have a mind to*), and there's no telling where it will stop. Form a neighborhood "security patrol" and advise your local supermarket that you'll be happy to supply free, in-depth search services. Intensive Touching and Civic Betterment often go hand in hand.

Demonstrations. There is little doubt that civil unrest is where it's at in the intermale-body-contact field today. Here, at our larger demonstrations, one can charge the man of one's choice or *go limp* and let one drag him off. Still, the contact afforded is crude and obvious, and one has to contend with superfluous contact with women and/or billy clubs.

Half Embrace:
Acceptable in greeting another man after a year or more's absence.
Acceptable to Italians: Anytime

Full Embrace:
Acceptable after unexpected diagnosis of terminal illness.
Acceptable after unexpected recovery from terminal illness.
Acceptable to Italians: Graduation

continued



Hair: Barbers, of course. It is sometimes possible for one boyish man to *tousle* the hair of another boyish man provided ten or more people are present. Less plausibly, one can pretend to *examine the scalp* of another man while muttering something about its being a "nasty season for scalp nits."

Ears: *Whispering* is the key here. It is possible to get another man close to *your* ear by feigning deafness. There is almost *no* way, even in the Health Care field, to get to another man's earlobes.

Cheeks: Organize a "French Night" at your club or lodge, featuring French wine, cheese, etc. It is then possible to kiss dozens of men on both cheeks "as a joke."

Nose: Few opportunities outside the Health Care field. Nose *tweaking* is now thought to be in poor taste.

Mouth: Full kiss is possible only for people in the Amateur Health Care field (mouth-to-mouth resuscitation) and in Show Business (Academy Award presentation). Show people save the full-on-the-mouth kiss for coast-to-coast television hookups. As a general rule, anyone can do anything to anyone if they are on a coast-to-coast television hookup.
Bonus for Italians: Mafia "Kiss of Death" signaling an upcoming rub-out. Combines drama with maximum contact!

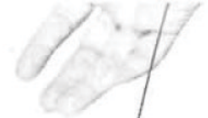
Neck: Some decorations are hung around the neck. We're encroaching on the War Prerogatives here, but it's sometimes possible to trump up a civilian award around which a neck-oriented presentation ceremony can be organized.

Back of Neck: No problem here for Jews! For some reason we can't fathom, Old Testament types are free to grab each other by the nape of the neck any time they want. If you're not lucky enough to be Jewish yourself, at least you'll get a kick out of looking at this intermale nape contact. Goyim can drop in at the end of script conferences and legal battles.

Shoulders: Anyone can pick up a little action here. Backslapping is a little vulgar but perfectly acceptable, and, after the slap itself, there are a few seconds of follow-through that make it all worthwhile!

Tit: Difficult. Medal-pinning seems to be the only acceptable contact. Once again, humor may be the way out. Stock up on GAG MEDALS: "World's Greatest Liar," etc. People may think you're a fool, but that's a small price to pay for hard-to-get tit.

Stomach: The old "Putting on a spare tire, huh?" playful stomach pat is a bit transparent but still worth a try. Some party games are belly-button oriented, but they are only for the very secure. (For rules, send 25 cents, coin only, no stamps, please, to National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.)



people eke out a pitiful existence on hand contact. Imagination (and membership in a gaggle of fraternal organizations) can help here, as it is possible to devise *special handshakes* that take up five minutes and most of the upper body. If you are lucky enough to belong to an ethnic minority that has not already developed its Power Salute, get in on the ground floor and make sure it's a winner involving everything from fingertips to toes.

Palms of hands: Black people get all the palm contact they can use.

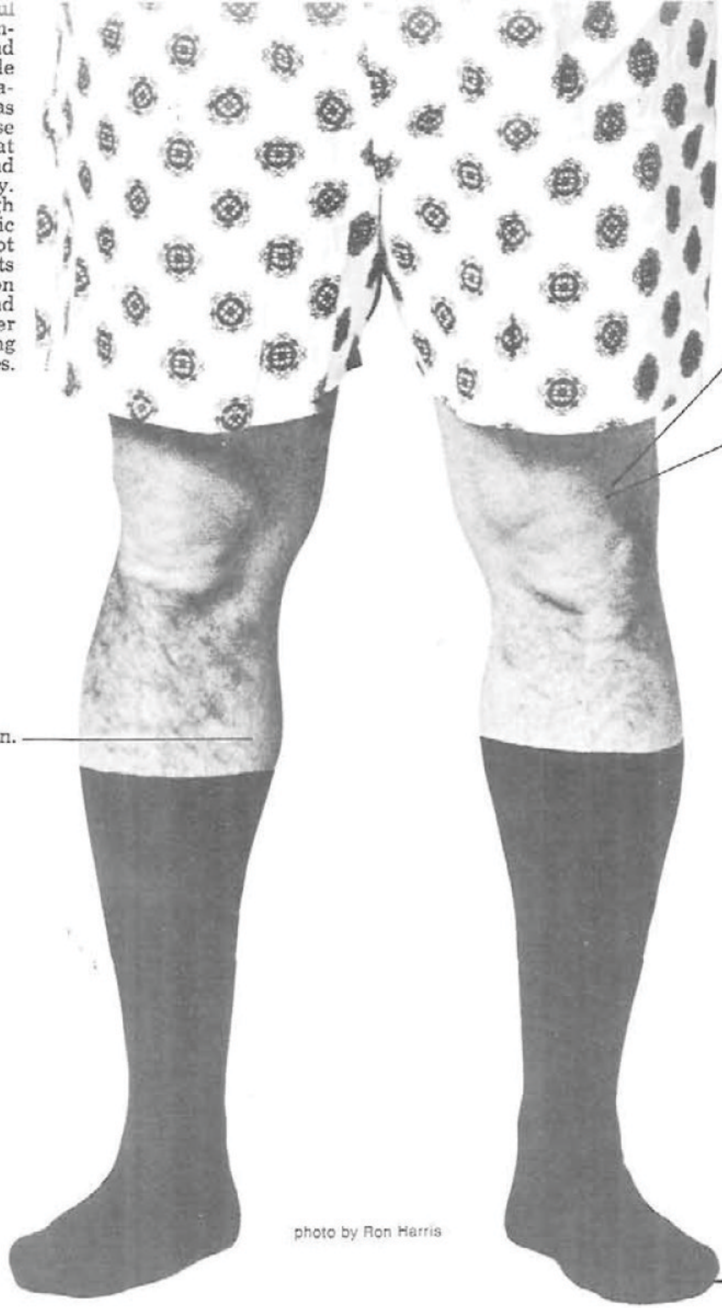


photo by Ron Harris

(Trouble Zone): Out-and-out goosing is not possible for those beyond the age of thirteen. We know some people who have achieved admirable results by taking up tailoring "as a hobby." You can get crucial mid-body contact by "measuring the inseam," and, because you're new at it, you can do it again and again "for practice."

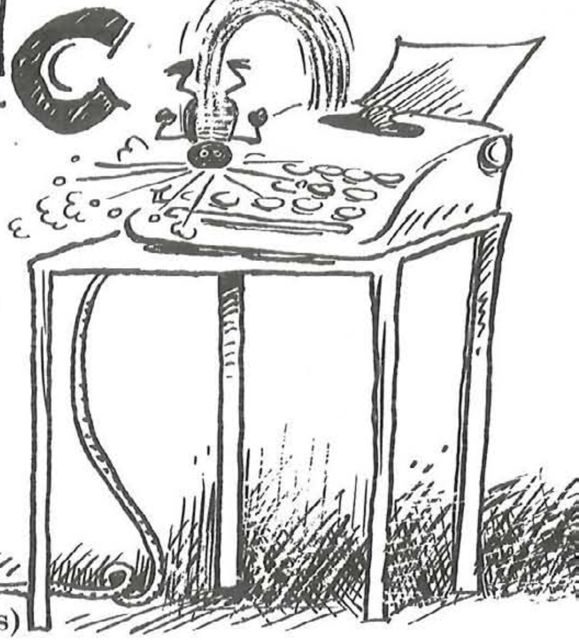


Kneecap: While sitting engaged in serious conversation, it is possible to put your hand on another man's kneecap while making an important (and possibly confidential) point. Your point must have real weight to justify the rarely sanctioned kneecap contact. "Storm clouds are gathering over Germany" is a recommended line.

Calf Contact: Boot salesmen.

Feet: Shoe salesmen.

electric archy



by sean kelly (subbing for don marquis)

archy on the job again

it s been a long time
between jobs
for years i felt like
a shiftless lazy nogood
bum then i met
a bedbug in from berkeley
california who told me about
marcuse the great refusal
and how being on welfare is
the only meaningful protest against
today s one dimensional society
that made me feel better
for a while but
it is work that gives a man
or a cockroach for that matter
his sense of identity it s good
to be back on the job
i ve been freelancing too long

it s been hard to find
employment as a newspaperman
in new york over the years
i ve attended the decline and fall
of almost as many newspapers
as a lawyer for the typesetter s union
the boss warned me
when the old n y sun folded he said archy
we are a dying breed obsolete
people today prefer to get their news
from the radio he said it eases
the pressure on them of feigning
literacy thank god he was spared
television which eliminates the pressure
of pretending to be
awake

and i have shared the anguish
of those left alienated and unemployed
by the new technology
the electric typewriter
foiled my every effort to
communicate
i haven t the strength to operate
the on switch
though i must admit
typing by my unique method
diving headfirst at the keys
is easier on one of these
infernal machines
once it s been given
the juice

last night i came in here
to nibble some no cal layout glue
at weight watchers digest
across the hall
when i heard the distinctive
hum of an ibm selectric
from your empty office
someone had blundered stoned
again question mark
just leave some food lying
around here and the typewriter on
and you ve got yourselves
a staffer

archy



mehitabel s ninth life

about mehitabel the cat
she s been through some changes
as she herself puts it
she was a flowerchild
for a while traveling
mascot with an acid rock band
the janis joplin of the feline set
almost od ed once or twice
on uncut moroccan
catnip
these days she s political
which is why although
leaving newspapers on the office floor
for her personal use
was a nice idea
it shouldn t have been the
village voice
mehitabel chanced to glance
down in medias res
so to speak
on jill johnston s column
that
was all she needed
she has vowed to dedicate
the last of her nine
lives to women s lib of the most
radical sort toujours gai
was always my motto archy
she says but little did i know
the full implications of the word gai

just now she was haranguing me
about being a cockroach a male
chauvinist appellation she claims
why not cuntroach she asked and left
to organize all the cats in
the alley downstairs into consciousness
raising groups at the moment
they are raising more hell than
consciousness i can hear them from here
mehitabel is chanting her new



ballade of liberation which i
faithfully transcribe below

i ve been a pussycat glossy of coat
dizzy with petting and ribbons and cream
a tiffany bauble aglint at my throat
while i purred in a perfume and caviar dream
but my claws lost their edge and my eyes lost their gleam
i grew fat as a tigress asleep in a zoo
so i ran from my masters and first learned to scream
fuck em my sisters before they fuck you

and i ve been a mother and learned how to dote
on tom and the kittens a tight little team
an immovable feast an unrockable boat
secure in god s eyes and the neighbors esteem
but i had a personal soul to redeem
and away from that calico cathouse i flew
like a demon the last thing they heard was my scream
fuck em my sisters before they fuck you

in one life i bartered my soul for the vote
another i swapped for an equal pay scheme
eight lives sold out lest my behavior denote
a nature unfeminine cold or extreme
but i ll be myself this time whatever i seem
i ve been screwed long enough i ve some screwing to do
my method s my madness my motto s my scream
fuck em my sisters before they fuck you

envoi
princesses and alley cats take up the theme
your fiddle string guts have been waiting a cue
but it s too late for music there s just time to scream
fuck em my sisters before they fuck you

mehitabel is very impressionable
next time you might try leaving
pages of cosmopolitan around
anyway
a little more catshit in that magazine
wouldn t even be noticed

archy

Illustrations by Randall Enos

mehitabel finds love again

thanks a lot for those brownie
crumbs you left in the desk
drawer i ate them
and damn near
freaked out is that the
expression have i mastered the
argot of the youth culture question mark
you degenerate dope pushers
exclamation mark
wafted on a cloud of chemically
induced euphoria i fell
into the airconditioner
and was blown out the window
i landed in the alley
below and discovered mehitabel
locked in the frenzied embrace
of a one eared tabby a tough looking
customer believe me
the fur flew and the two of them sounded
like the full string section
of the hell philharmonic
later as she lay
in the afterthroes her eyes
looking like burnt out fuses i said
mehitabel what about women s lib
and all your newfound principles
she introduced me to her
one eared friend archy she said
meet marlene
call me old fashioned but
only a practitioner of the new
journalism could adequately
deal with
these events
consider this my resignation
effective immediately
peace and love

archy



The Wide World of Ballet

by Brian McConnachie

Regular Lifetime Season

	P de D's	Pttes.	TLs	SROs	ETA
Antony Tudor	14,685	28,475	940	86	2.49
Sergei Diaghilev	15,087	22,644	1,476	80	2.6
Arthur Mahoney	15,175	27,203	1,084	91	2.74

Circuit Standings

National Circuit

	BB
Bejart 20th Cen	—
Royal Academy	½
Bolshoi	2
Brooklyn Acad	2½
New York City	3
Pennsyl	4½

American Circuit

	BB
San Francisco	—
National Ballet	2
Joffrey	2
Harkness	3½
Los Angeles	4
Pittsburgh	14

College	GRs	BRs	BB
Amer. Academy	24	10	—
Martha Graham Contemp	22	14	1½
Dalton	20	14	2
Cleveland Modern	18	16	3½
YMHA-Dance	18	16	3½
Puerto Rican Thea	10	24	8
Bar Harbor Festival	9	25	9½

(Listings do not include last night's ballets.)

K.C.'s Free-Form Line

Bejart—2½ points; New York City—5 points; Los Angeles—3 points; Harkness—pick 'em; Bolshoi—4½ points; Best Bets: Royal Academy and National Ballet. Villella's out with a leg injury, should be no contest. Pittsburgh's brought in some new blood, could bear watching. Sorry about the tip on San Francisco, but the floor gave way. Better buy your tickets now, it looks like Bejart.



Beth LaPage

Age: 27
Pounds: 122
Height: 5'6¼"
Company: LaBrea County Art and Folk Troupe
Positions: Quarter Pony, End Pivot, Pyramid Brace
Roles: Plum Fairies, Forest Scrubbery, Forest Animals, Blithe Spirits
Hobbies: Buying shoes on sale and talking in elevators
Favorite Saying: If you can't dance to it, eat it. If you can't eat it, kick it across the stage. If you can't kick it across the stage, sell tickets to it.

The Best Seller That Tears the Tights Right Off the Ballet Business

ACT SIX

by Jack Ziegler

1st BIG PRINTING
2nd BIG PRINTING
3rd BIG PRINTING
4th BIG PRINTING—S.R.O.
SOLD OUT

LEARN ABOUT:

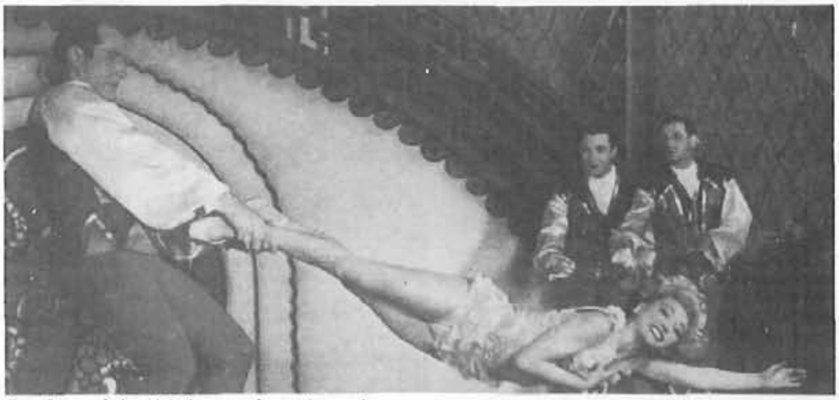
- certain "teachers" who force young male dancers to do splits and land on their reproductive organs
- the initiation at the "barre"
- the cruel hazing for new members to the *corps de ballet*
- the other "ups" besides *tour en l'air*
- fines and physical punishment for poor performances

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

They told me it built character. I said fine. But would it build me a home in the country? How about paying me more money? They said nothing doing. All wood sylphs, swans, huntsmen, elves, and daffodils get the same scale. Bullshit they do. Wood sylphs and elves negotiated separately during the free draft and get half again as much as the rest of us. I'm not complaining that they get it, but I think we should get it too. Fair's fair. We do most of the work and set everything up and get none of the glamour. And none of the pay. I would never throw a ballet, but I know a few swans and huntsmen who would. Let's reslice this pie for everybody's sake.

—Lenny Witt

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., April 16, 1972 (AP)—The Ballet Corridor of Immortality announced today the election of three new members. They are Antony Tudor, Sergei Diaghilev, and Arthur "Rosin Bags" Mahoney. Busts of these performers will be placed in the stucco-and-brick museum at the conclusion of the "Toe Shoe and Tights" ceremony to take place on August 23 of this year.



In the spirit of leisure-time America, more and more ballets have incorporated intermission shows. Graduating from the use of female midget-tag-team mud wrestlers, the ballet now employs a more subtle form of entertainment. Shown here is "A Tribute to America—She Can Solve Any Problem." The young lady being spun, and later flung, represents inflation, as American Industry looks on with patience and encouragement.

At the 1962 awards dinner, a reporter asked Malcolm Powers, the Commissioner of Ballet, what the specific duties that justified his $75,000 salary were. Commissioner Powers replied, "The ballet? The ballet is anything where people take off most of their clothes and appear on a stage, with or without music, and try to show good cause as to why they're up there and you're not."



Were they better then? Ballet buffs always argue this point. Who could forget the 1948 production of Swan Lake? *With only six minutes remaining and with a sprained ankle, Ulanova pulled off one of the greatest recoveries ever recorded—and saved the season. Could it happen again? To help answer these nagging questions, Ballet Comp. Inc. has scheduled a series of computer ballets. The first will be Nijinsky vs. Nureyev. The next is Pavlova vs. Fonteyn, with the winner to meet Edward Villella in a mixed-singles match.*

western union **Telegram**

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ALL THE BEST RICHARD M. NIXON
COL LT B LINCOLN CENTER
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1972 "Elfie" Awards

Speed/Endurance

Midair Suspension (supported)	6 minutes	Alice Creamer
Midair Suspension (unsupported)	2.1 sec.	Adam Meeken
Stage Crossing Barefoot (left to right)	5.8 sec.	Colly Jackson
Stage Crossing Barefoot (right to left)	5.7 sec.	Colly Jackson
Longest leap	15′ 6¼″	Oscar Kanter
Highest leap	11′ 4½″	Kasman Bojar
Spins	146	Mary Alice Keller
Midair Twists	3½	Randal Katz
Fastest Performance *Firebird*	29 min. 48 sec.	Joffrey

Theatrical

Most Original Production (adapted from another medium)	*Waiting for Godot*
Most Original Production (not adapted from another medium)	*Three Coins in a Beach Blanket*
Best Cast Impersonations	*Barn Days*
Best Short-Subject Ballet	*Ode Dance to a Bagpipe*
Best Foreign Ballet	*Looka-Looka* (Belgium)
Best Performance (female)	not awarded
Best Performance (male)	Colly Jackson

Special Awards

The Samuel Clefburg Memorial Award	Maria Tallchief
The Isadora Duncan "Silk Scarf" Award	Malcolm Powers (Comm. of Ballet)
Winner of the Dodge Coronet	Colly Jackson



Called the single largest cause of head and chest injuries, the midair collision is the bane of any director's existence. "I've already lost four swans this season, and if I lose one more, I'll have to trade my prima south for replacements. It's a stinking situation." Midair collisions are generally attributed to performers getting their cues crossed. But many performers disagree: "If the Commissioner wasn't so bent on speeding everything up, we wouldn't have these accidents. 'Keep it moving, lots of action, keep it lively.' We don't have time to set up. Now his latest thing. Increase piggyback running and leaping by at least seven percent and performers are to yell 'Hup' and 'Hiii' and 'Hey-yo' upon completion of any difficult step."

Rudi at the Met

The outcome looked foreboding for the Gotham twelve that night;
The *fouettés* and *tour-jetés* were far from being right;
And when Maria snapped a bone and Anton split his pants
A heavy gloom descended on the patrons of the dance.

A restless few got up to leave—they couldn't face the score
Which sent both swans and buttercups a-tumbling to the floor;
The faithful crowd slouched in their seats, one hope not fading yet
To see the dance saved from disgrace by Rudi at the Met.

But Gustave preceded Rudi, and so did Bobby Fox;
The former danced on feet of clay, the latter in lead sox;
So sorrow weighed upon the crowd who knew what they would get
Cause far too little time remained for Rudi at the Met.

But when Gustave pirouetted there was silence in the hall,
And Foxy's arabesques were the wonderment of all,
And when the movement finished and the last notes died away,
Gustave was up *en pointe* and Fox was *en plié*;

Then from three thousand throats and more there came a wailing keen,
It echoed to the chandeliers and filled the mezzanine,
Till every dew-lapped dowager had lifted her lorgnette;
For Rudi, muscled Rudi, was advancin' on the Met.

There was calm in Rudi's manner as he twitched his bulky thighs;
There was style in Rudi's bearing and a flame within his eyes,
And when the spotlights shone upon his muscles damp with sweat,
No conscious body could deny 'twas Rudi at the Met.

Six thousand eyes froze on his form, three thousand voices cheered;
He flexed his arms and bent his legs as the moment ever neared;
Then, while the first swan *chasséed* forth with fluttering fingertips
Proud Rudi stood like marble, with a grin upon his lips.

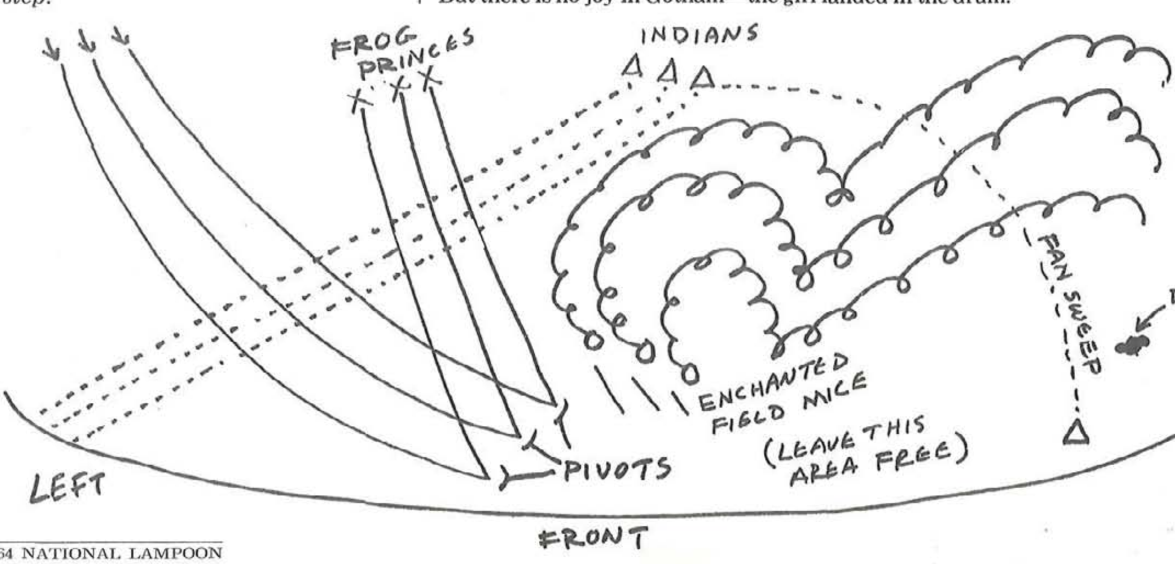
And now the feather-covered swan came sailing through the air,
And Rudi stood a-watching her in haughty grandeur there,
Close by the sturdy Russian, the girl darted like a bee—
"That ain't my style," said Rudi. She crashed into Row C.

From the theater, thick with people, a shuddering gasp was heard,
"The lights," they cried, "were in his eyes! Some technician must have erred!"
He waved to calm the angry crowd as can so few rare men
He gestured to the next swan-girl, and bade the music start again.

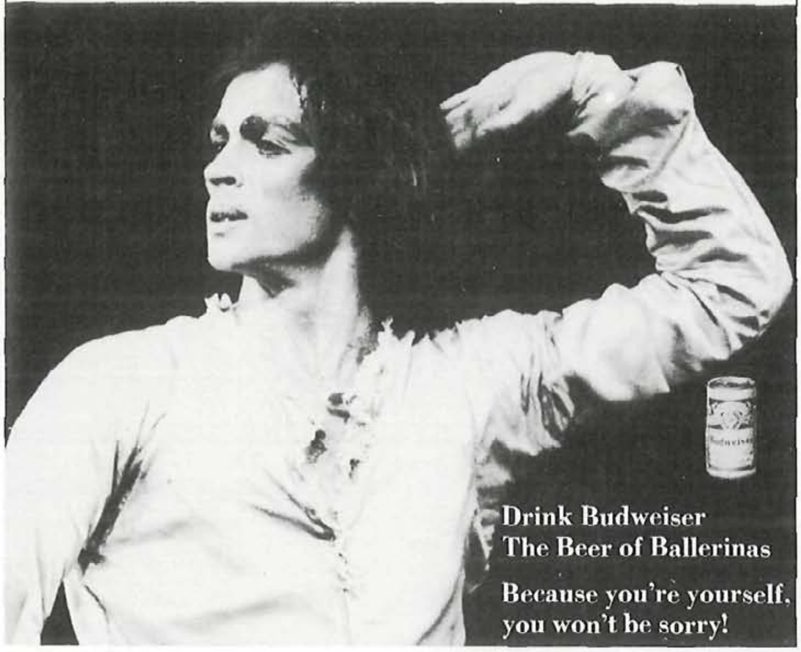
She crossed the floor in two *bourrées*, her body arched to fit;
But Rudi paid no attention—she fell in the orchestra pit.
"There's madness, fraud, and drugs at play," the season ticket-holders swore,
But Rudi's wave told them again; a swan would pass him by no more.

His chest swelled up in fury, his veins stood out in rage;
Now was the time, the truth-telling time, for this master of the stage!
And from a darkened corner a third shape spun in flight,
And Rudi leaped to meet it with the sudden speed of light.

Oh, somewhere in this leisured land the moon is beaming clear;
A cocktail party somewhere rings of laughter and good cheer;
And somewhere teen-age children dance, their cheeks packed tight with gum;
But there is no joy in Gotham—the girl landed in the drum.



Rudolf Nureyev says: If sometimes you are being very much like me, always on the going-round, so what to that, do as I tell you and altogether celebrate this....



April 24, 1972

c.c. Mitch Cohen
Chuck Rodgers
Sal Mishka

TO Guy Gurd

FROM Alvin Fitz-Simmons

RE '72 Union Demands

I've set up a meeting for the 26th and we'll go over these points at length, but meanwhile, I'd like you to pore over them to give yourself some idea of what we're up against.

They're really putting a steel-tipped toe shoe to us, Guy, there's no question about it.

1. 2% of box-office to go to injured-dancers fund and retirement plan
2. Waiver clause to exempt Waterlily taxi squads
3. More head and crotch protection while dancing
4. No holiday performances
5. Integration issue (They aren't clear on this one. Don't know if they're for it or against it.)
6. Reopen discussion on draft clause
7. When not dancing, performers should be allowed to leave the stage.
8. Commission should set up office to aid retired performers in finding public-relation jobs.
9. Contract renewals should come up every year and a half, not the present three years.

AL

The Monday Morning Prima Donna

by Lance LaRondelle



Joseph "No Touch" Salvatori can light his cigars with box-seat tickets this morning. Joseph just became the owner of the Union City Unisons, a promising sixteen-member dance troupe from across the Hudson. A recent grand-jury investigation into alleged underworld connections in the ballet was unable to turn up anything on Salvatori. Their funds have run out, but they promise that they'll be back. Sen. Roman Hruska of Nebraska claims he's not giving up. "We'll get him on something. Maybe income-tax evasion or stealing cars, but we'll get him." Salvatori had no comment on plans for his newly acquired company but hinted that the price of tickets would probably go up.

* * *

Prima Ballerina Anna Polcheskov's knee operation was a success, and she should be back with her troupe to play the last eight shows of the season. Her doctor commented, "We patched her up for now, but she's got the knees of an eighty-year-old. I wouldn't be in her tutu for all the depilatory wax in Greece."

* * *

Foot binding coming back? So says Tom Ling, instructor/trainer of the National Dance Theater. "Give me a kid with bound feet, a good knotty-pine floor, and I'll give you a two-hour spin," claims the innovator.

* * *

Mary Elizabeth Corby danced her last dance. Her funeral was yesterday. She was only eleven. She was struck with what dancers call *petit mort*, a simple term used to describe complex blockage and stoppage that results in terminal exhaustion. Her delicate frame pitched lifelessly forward during her Junior High production of *Les Sylphides*. So far this year, *petit mort* has claimed sixty-seven young lives. The Association of Ballet Surgeons has recently published a pamphlet entitled "Dancing in the Dark with Pulmonary and Cardiac Strain." Though it doesn't have all the answers, it does outline and prescribe diet and exercise that should curb this murderer of little children. It's necessary reading for all concerned.

* * *

Speaking about kids, the dance-offs for the nine-to-fourteen-year-olds of the "Momma Pavlova" league will be held in Detroit, Mich. The winners will be flown to New York and receive their awards during the intermission of the perennial favorite, *The Nutcracker Suite*.

* * *

George Balanchine has been having secret meetings with a group of New Orleans businessmen. Balanchine has often complained about cramped and unlivable conditions that exist at Lincoln Center. If he makes this move, there'll be a lot of sad faces around this town, but I suspect there'll be just as many who say, "Good riddance to bad rubbish." George has had a pretty controversial career in this burg and these talks sure aren't going to win him any new fans.

* * *

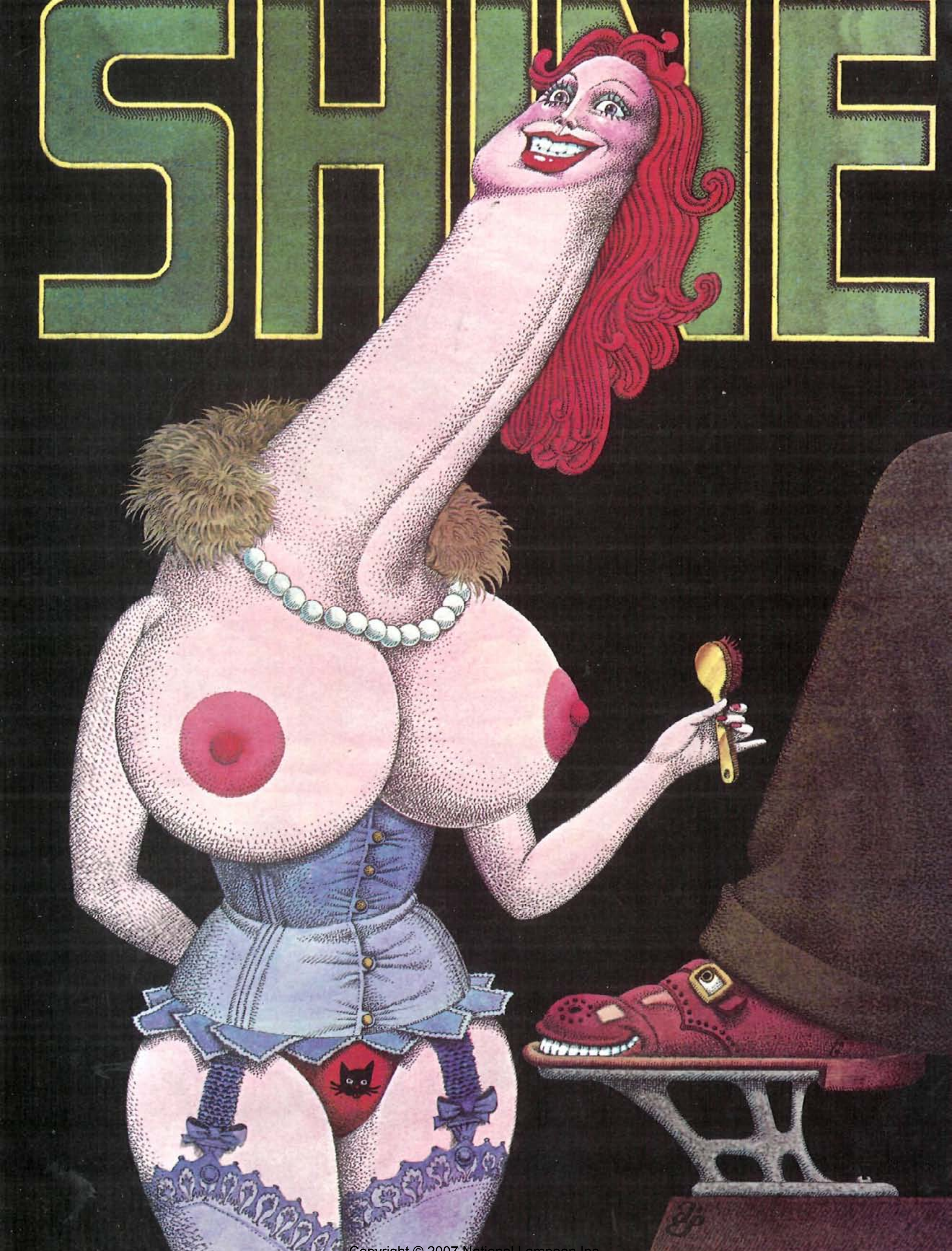
At the barre . . . City Center will soon announce the resumption of Ladies' Day. All ladies admitted at half price, and children under twelve to receive a season schedule and a photograph showing an aerial view of the theater. . . . The memorial dinner in honor of Vic Lanson will be held at the Park Lane Hotel. Vic was a tough director who worked his players hard but got results, and his record shows it. The proceeds of the gala dinner, according to his widow, will go toward a Vic Lanson scholarship fund. The honor of laying the first wreath will go to the Cathy Crilly School for Little Dancing Ladies. This ceremony will take place the following morning at the Allied Van storage warehouse, where the body is being held pending the results of a domestic contest. . . . Twenty-five years ago today, 1,400 Russian dancers escaped from the Iron Curtain and were given asylum in Hungary. . . . Soaking your face in brine? That's what more and more dancers are doing these days, according to a spokesman for the Royal Academy. "If your performance doesn't call for any facial expressions, soak your face in brine and you don't have to worry about accidentally smiling or anything." . . . Today's Best Laugh: Two little children were practicing their *petit battements sur le coup de pieds* when one asked the other, "What has fifty-two legs and sometimes hides in the bushes?" When the child said she didn't know, the first replied, "The Corps de Ballet." That's all for now . . . so until we come dancing your way again, don't take any wooden toe-shoes and keep your tutus clean! □

"The right tool for the right job, Miss Brewster."



illustration by Doug Johnson


a Vohnson
(Esq.)


SHINE

Stacked Like Me

by Chris Miller

The women's movement had intrigued me from its inception. Could things really be as bad out there as the Sisters were saying? My male friends pooh-poohed this notion. "That women's lib is just a bunch of dike agitators," they explained. Yet I wondered.

I sat alone in my New York apartment one night last March, pondering. A chill breeze parted my curtains, carrying with it the bouquet of fresh dog wastes. "Shit," I thought, "the only way to find out for sure is to *become* a woman."

I decided I would do this.

I chose San Francisco as the logical starting place for my experiment. Was it not the City of Love, the very birthplace of Consciousness III? If women were free and equal anywhere, would it not be here? Ultimately, was it not the only city in the United States containing a doctor who would inject my chest with silicone?

"I'll bet I'm the only guy in the country who still does this," the doctor remarked, slipping a hypodermic beneath my left nipple as if trying to pry loose a bottle cap. "The cops would like to get me but good."

"Can you make me fairly . . . Rubenesque?" I asked.

"Fella, give me two weeks and I'll have you lookin' like Blaze Starr." He nudged me slyly and switched nipples.

In my hotel room I began learning the rudiments of femininity. I practiced the application of makeup, tried on mini- , midi- , and maxi-skirts, rehearsed sitting down and crossing my legs. My hair was already long; I now learned how to style it. I had never realized how complex a process this was. It took an hour merely to figure out the difference between conditioner and rinse. Then it developed that I had split ends. But by the end of the first day I had actually gotten my hair to swing and bounce every time I turned my head, just like in the Clairol commercials. Pleased, I went to bed. So far, woman stuff was kind of fun.

I would rue this early naïveté. Following my third set of shots, I had to begin wearing a trainer bra. It hurt. Garter belts were uncomfortable and the little clip things pulled my leg hairs. As the novelty of applying makeup wore off, the fun of learning a new skill was replaced by a pained awareness that for women this wasn't a game. They actually had to put stuff on their faces 365 days a year, year after year, all the while keeping track of the steady stream of new stuff being regularly released by the cosmetics companies. And the decisions! Which lipstick was blotproof? Should I wear false eyelashes on my lower eyelids, or just on the upper? Was there really a foundation that would conceal without covering? What the hell did "hypoallergenic" mean? No: achieving femininity was no cup of tea. To further complicate matters, exhaustive reading of back issues of *Sisterhood Newsletter*, *Rags*, and *Cosmopolitan* indicated that women themselves were confused about the true nature of femininity.

One thing that seemed to link all women, however, was the ritual of menstruation. I resolved to experience for myself, at least approximately, this most universal of all feminine activities. Ironically, for I did not yet appear female, that decision led to my first gut contacts with male sexist oppression.

Though I had memorized the brand names of all our nation's various menstrual devices, *Cosmopolitan* had indicated that girls in the know preferred "tampons" and that only older, uptight women still used your sanitary napkins. I went to a small drugstore and, accordingly, asked the clerk for Tampax.

"Ya want the Regular, the Junior, or the Super?" he shouted back. Behind me in line, several young men in motorcycle jackets began to snigger and nudge one another.

"The . . . Super, please."

He slapped the unmistakable blue package down before me and took my money. Ears flaming, I quit the store, eyes averted from the now guffawing toughs. I felt embarrassed, intimidated, repressed . . . repressed! Males had repressed me!

Happily, I returned to my room, where I opened the package and thoroughly read the instruction folder.

Feh!

Oh well. I withdrew a tampon, placed the vaseline near at hand, and seated myself on the toilet. Relax and take your time, the instructions had advised. All right. I generously greased my coal shute, relaxing and taking my time.

Some time later, still breathing heavily, I got back to the tampon, which proved to be a short cylinder of absorbent cottony material contained in a pair of telescoping cardboard tubes with a string hanging from one end. It looked like an exploding party favor.

With much twisting, bending, and cheek-spreading, I finally got it up my ass and pressed the inner plunger tube, extruding the tampon snugly into my colon. It felt like a soft, unobtrusive thermometer. Soon I had forgotten all about it.

I spent the rest of the day studying the moves and gestures of women on television, paying particular attention to "A Brighter Day," "Search for Tomorrow," and commercials for detergents. About six o'clock I felt a bowel movement coming on. Not until I was seated on the toilet did I remember the alien matter blocking my rectum. If I recalled the instructions correctly, the string was supposed to be hanging out of me. I ran a finger up the smile of my bum. No string. Growing alarmed, I snatched the instruction folder from the trash. One of the "Answers to Questions New Users Sometimes Ask" said: "In a squatting position, the tampon withdrawal cord is always within reach of the fingers." Very well; I squatted and probed. Yes, there was the string—the little rascal had crawled right up inside me! Greatly relieved, for the need to take my dump was now fierce, I gave the cord a sharp tug. It pulled free easily. The tampon, however, stayed where it was.

I won't get into the details of what

continued

followed. Suffice to say that it took an hour of hard work with pliers and a kitchen fork before I had unplugged my exhaust. If a *woman* had designed that erstwhile tampon, I told myself angrily, this never would have happened. Shoddy design of menstrual aids was a more subtle facet of male repression than the tauntings of the drugstore toughs, but repression nonetheless. I was beginning to understand.

As the treatments continued, part of me began to resist my onrushing womanhood. I found myself avidly following televised football and scouring the downtown pornography shops, realizing that soon I would voluntarily forfeit these male prerogatives. Increasingly, I came to cherish my time in public men's rooms. When no one was looking, I swore and spat.

But my womanhood was becoming harder and harder to ignore. I was acquiring quite a set of jugs, for one thing. Obviously I couldn't let myself be noticed while in sexual midstream, but how might I reasonably hide myself?

The solution was as simple as it was inspired—a life vest! I purchased a large, military-surplus "Mae West" and, chuckling inwardly all the while at the irony of this appellation, began wearing it everywhere save my hotel room. To those who asked, I explained that I feared the San Andreas Fault.

"I'd make this the last set of injections if I were you," advised the doctor. "Those knockers are already big enough to drive someone up to his ankles in the pavement."

I looked down at myself. Indeed, I had become what the Jewish faith calls *zoftig*. The nipples were a little underdeveloped, perhaps, but that was a minor consideration. Undeniably, I was built like a brick you-name-it.

The doctor now injected my vocal cords with *striacaine,* a tautener. When the anesthetic wore off, my new voice was high and squeaky, even "cute." Greatly pleased, I reached to wring his hand, but then, remembering my new role, gave him a peck on the cheek instead.

Leaving his office, I was confronted as usual with the giant likeness of Carol Doda reclining in all her bulbous grandeur upon the marquee of the topless club across the street. "Poor oppressed Sister," I thought. "I too shall know the grinding heel of the male Amerikan boot this day. From now on, I am one of you."

It took two hours and several razor blades to remove the fur from my legs, arms, armpits, and the vast new three-dimensionality of my chest. Last to go (and not without a sigh) were my moustache and sideburns.

The concealment of my rather large, substantial member was vital. I had experimented with several brands of G-string, but these delicate underthings could not suppress that telltale bulge. Now, reluctantly, I looped my genitals beneath my crotch and stuffed them between the cheeks of my buttocks, securing them there with adhesive tape.

Next, clothes. I had decided it best to dress in some inconspicuous current mode, to be *"just one of the girls."* Accordingly, I donned filmy black panties, tight jeans, and a "Keep On Truckin' " T-shirt. Finally, I brushed my hair and anointed each earlobe with just a trace of Shalimar.

Only then did I allow myself to look in the mirror. I blinked. Staring back at me was the face of a stranger—and not bad stuff, either! The reflection contained no hint of maleness. No, this image led back to pink frilly dresses, dolls, Home Ec classes, sugar and spice. I was a newly created woman, and it was time to leave the safety of my hotel for a new life.

With extreme self-consciousness, I stepped into the street. Lunch-hour crowds surged this way and that, and at first nobody noticed me. The knife edge of my paranoia had just begun to dull, when I collided with a construction worker crossing Market Street and was knocked sprawling.

Naturally, my first instinct was to demand, "Hey, ya stupid pig bastard, where ya walkin'?" The words froze in my throat as I remembered what I was. *I wasn't allowed to talk that way anymore.* My new persona had no *idea* what to do. I grew flustered and began to hiccup.

Abruptly the great hairy arms of the man were around me and I was being lifted to my feet. Of course: passivity! And he was being a "gentleman"! Well, not bad, I thought, and went to brush myself off. It was then that I realized his arms were still around me.

Our eyes locked. I simpered. His gaze rolled down, then up, but not as far as my face. I could actually see his pupils dilate. Women friends had told me about the "lust stare"; now, in my first hour as a woman, I was receiving one. Why, the crude billy goat! I pulled free and walked rapidly away.

My first need was a job. I found an employment agency and took a seat beside the desk of a small, birdlike woman.

"Can you type?" she asked me.

"Well, no. . . ."

"No openings."

It was time to test my major gambit. Fixing her with a sincere gaze, I said, "But surely there must be *something* . . . for a Sister?"

"Don't give me any of that Lesbian stuff," she replied. "No openings."

I sighed. "Now you're being defensive. Don't you realize that the reason we women compete with and resent each other so is that men make us despise ourselves? What we need is solidarity! Now, if you could find a job for me, it would certainly be a move toward—" I broke off as she raised her paperweight threateningly. Poor brainwashed Sister. I left hurriedly.

It was late afternoon. My feet hurt and I had to pee. Everywhere I went men turned and gaped, many of them giving me the "lust stare." I began to sweat. Though perspiring as a male had never particularly bothered me, my new self was horrified. How could I be a woman and smell like a gym sock? So lonely and oppressed I felt!

At least I could do something about my bladder. I entered a book store and asked the clerk the location of the rest rooms.



"Sorry, no ladies' room. Try the shoeshine parlor next door."

How sad, I thought. The man was not, of course, relating to *me* but rather to societal imperatives against my gender. Though something primitive and male in me wanted to kick his smartass nuts, I lowered my eyes submissively and walked next door.

"Could I use your senorita's room?" I asked the manager.

"¡Ay!" he replied. "¡Joo got some *tetas!* ¿Joo need job?"

"In a shoeshine parlor?" I asked, surprised.

"*Si.* Thees a *topless* shoeshine parlor." He drew back the curtain that separated us from the interior of his emporium, and I saw a long row of Sisters *shining shoes with their tits hanging out*!

"No thank *you*!" I spun on heel and left.

Not until some days later did I recognize the sociological validity of working in such a place. After all, I realized, where better to experience the casual minefields of minute-by-minute abasement they make you walk through when you're a woman in Unkle Sam's more-yin-than-yang pig Amerika? Moreover, as I had been unable to find other work, it was topless or starve. Returning to the shoeshine parlor, I accepted a position at a dollar a week plus tips.

They dressed me in a pert Naugahyde miniskirt and entrusted me with an empty chair. Next in line was a shoe-shiner named Trixie, whose rather droopy mammae were dappled black, cordovan, and oxblood.

I gave her a small, self-deprecatory smile. "Hi, Sister," I whispered.

"Don't give me any of that Lesbian stuff," she replied, and refused to look at me again.

A poor start. Things got worse when my superior mammary shelf attracted long lines of men and I was made number one in the shoeshine line. Though I felt sadness at the jealousy now displayed by my Sisters and shock at the extent to which they had swallowed the male line that large milk glands make you ipso facto a better person, I nonetheless accepted with gratitude the generous tips of my customers. I mean, a girl has to eat.

In the days that followed, there were other subtle shifts in attitude. At first I had resented such reminders of my second-class status as having doors held for me, my cigarettes lighted, my arm held while walking across the street. To my surprise, I soon came to like and expect these things. Crossing the street alone had always frightened me.

In almost any problem situation you can name, I found that all you have to do is look alone and helpless to attract packs of straining, helpful males. When you cross streets against the light, male drivers screech to a halt instead of running you over. You discover that you can make things happen merely by batting your eyes, which seemed to me infinitely more pleasing aesthetically than the male-preferred approach of batting one's antagonists.

I began to comprehend the subtleties of cosmetics, how lavender shadow made my eyes seem larger and Strawberry Slicker set off my nipples. Several real nice guys started buying me drinks and taking me to fancy restaurants. I had to begin diet lunches to maintain my figure.

I even came to appreciate women's rest rooms. Apparently, women have been culturally conditioned to *sit* while peeing. Of the literally hundreds of ladies' rooms I have used, *not one has contained a urinal.* At first, this enforced bending-of-the-knees made me feel degraded. Soon, I came to appreciate the opportunity to get off my dogs for a while.

And my bankroll was growing.

Things might have gone on like this indefinitely, but less than a month after beginning my job I overheard by chance a conversation that was to end my lucrative hiatus. I was sitting at a lunch counter, wishing I could allow myself something other than fruit salad and cottage cheese, when the words of two robust, amiable gentlemen seated behind me impinged on my thoughts. They were discussing the larger fellow's car and the pesky transmission that was making his life such a situation comedy.

I felt a sudden chill. My mind, filled with recipes and fashion advertising, could scarcely remember what a transmission *was.* How thoroughly my female role had taken me over! Fun was fun, but enough was enough. I decided it was time to end my little ruse, crank out a book, maybe do a few talk shows, then relax and take things easy for a while. I ran outside and hailed a cab.

At the doctor's office I found a debt-retrieval agency carrying off the doctor's equipment. The doctor, they told me, had left town suddenly.

Panic wove its magic fingers inextricably into my intestines. Without the doctor I would have to live the rest of my life with these fleshapoid balloons entering every room before I did. Then I remembered the redheaded stripper I had seen a few times in the doctor's waiting room. Could she know anything? It was a slim chance, but I was in no position to pass up long shots.

I found her in a dressing room at

continued

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Total Nudity from Twelve Noon! At first, fearing that I was an informer in the pay of male sexist police, she wrapped her robe tightly about her and refused to tell me anything. I considered beating her bloody with my purse, but gritted my teeth and stayed in character instead.

"Wahhhhh!" I told her. "I jus' *hafta* find him."

She began to soften. "Aw, yer just a kid, aincha? Come here, honey, an' putcher head on my chest."

I went. "Awww," she said, and pulled me into her lap, laying my cheek against the freckled overswell of her left breast. My tears merged with flesh and ran in tiny trails to the vee of her robe, mingling with the natural moistures of her cleavage to emit a combined perfume that wreaked musky monkeyshines on my olfactory centers. "Awww," she crooned, and began stroking my hair. I decided to allow myself to be consoled for a while.

"You'll give me the doctor's new address then?" I asked at length in my best little-girl voice.

"Awwww," she said, and switched from my hair to my inner thigh. Beneath my miniskirt, beneath my black-lace panties, I felt alarums and excursions. An *erection*? I'd forgotten all about them! And it felt terrific! I began slowly to part her robe, marveling at the creamy pink of her nipples and the way they gathered and focused themselves beneath my fingers. Her nails trailed further up my thigh.

Then, with surreal slowness, my adhesive tape began to tug loose, each tug parting a pubic hair from my scrotum with a tiny, silent pop of pain. Adhesive tape? Abruptly, I remembered my role, and, in so doing, realized just what kind of a woman I was dealing with.

"Don't give me any of that Lesbian stuff," I said. I leapt from her lap and snatched up the purse.

"Los Angeles!" she shrieked. "Pico and Alverado!"

I beat it back to my hotel, packed my few things, tucked my bankroll in my panties, and started for the airport. It certainly wasn't my day. While searching for a cab, I was accosted by a large, generous-lipped third worlder who claimed he wanted my pussy but was more than delighted to find my cash. Penniless, I was forced to hitchhike.

I was picked up immediately by a man in a suit who moved his briefcase to let me sit. We headed south. My mind whirled with plans, pique, and panic. Gradually, I became aware that my driver was talking to me. I shook my head to clear it.

"Tell me," he was asking, "is it true that women ejaculate?"

Though today I realize that his questions were merely a sad, twisted attempt to get close to me, at the time I was appalled. I moved as far away from him as I could, pressing my back to the door.

"Sorry, I don't mean to offend you. It's just that I'm curious. You see, I'm really on your side: I believe in the women's struggle. Y'know?"

"Yeah, well, I'm not offended, but just knock off the sexy questions, okay?"

"Of course."

For a few minutes we drove in silence.

"Ah . . . I was wondering . . . if I pulled behind a gas station, would you rate the size of my penis?"

"Stop the car!"

He did. Believing that I had been picked up by an isolated nut, I began hitchhiking again. But no, there were to be more than a dozen rides, all from men, each worse than the one before. They seemed to assume that in the presence of a woman of such formidable bosom no pretense of dignity or self-respect was necessary. Some were shamelessly open ("Say, how do you stand up?"), others shamelessly subtle ("May I, heh heh, have a closer look at your love beads?"). Many breathed heavily, a few drooled. This was Man the Oppressor? In fact, this was Man? I felt contempt. I decided to try an experiment.

"Hee hee, you're cute! If you drive me all the way to Los Angeles, I'll let you jerk off between my tits."

"Gosh! You bet!"

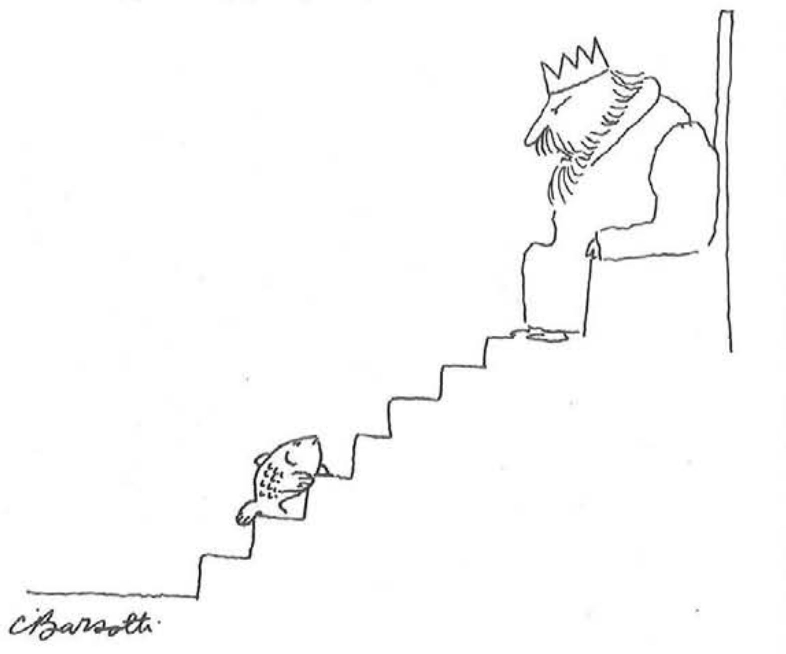
There it was. I had sought the truth and found it, and now I felt stunned. All the while I'd thought *men* were the oppressors. But that couldn't be—not if I could make them do anything I wanted merely by inhaling. The discriminatory laws, the institutionalized condescension, the degrading lavatories . . . all must be elements of a ruse. The entire women's movement, with its bizarre rhetoric and carefully staged suggestions of incompetence, was but another element of the camouflage. While men strode about doing the work and thinking they ran things, the women sat back and coolly ran the men, *controlling them like laboratory animals with electric-pleasure promises from the grottos of their vulvae.* Had my last driver not been so preoccupied with my gazongas, he might have wondered at the cold laughter that now bubbled from the soft inviting lips of the "sex object" sitting next to him.

When we reached Los Angeles, I let the yokel have his fun, wiped myself off with the doctor's address, and threw it in a litter basket. Then I sold my credit and ID cards, my last links with my former self, to a black-market credentialist for fifty bucks. I let him bounce my boobs for a few minutes, and he made it another fifty. I put the entire sum into new clothes and a visit to the beauty parlor.

In the past year I have acquired control of three hotels, a nightclub, a bowling alley, and a small housing development. I own a Lincoln and a Bentley, and my chauffeur is an upper-class Bulgarian. I am about to open a numbered Swiss bank account.

Sisterhood is powerful!

Right on! □



"Do you think you can crawl out of the ocean and take over just like that?"

The Knowledge of Fear

by John Glashan



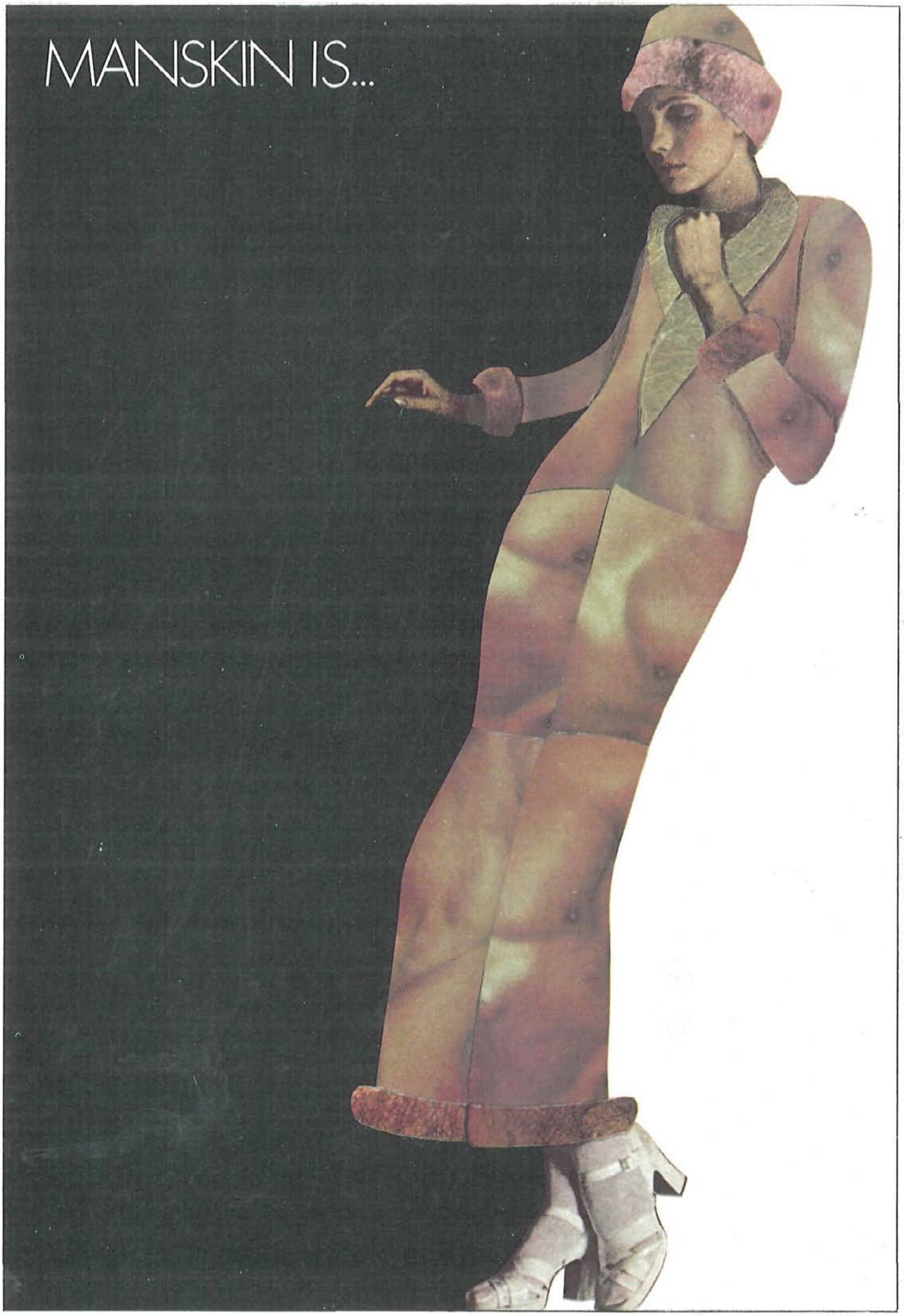
In a well-equipped but unpretentious laboratory, Doctor Carstairs, a research brain surgeon, is carrying out routine tasks in a quiet methodical manner ...





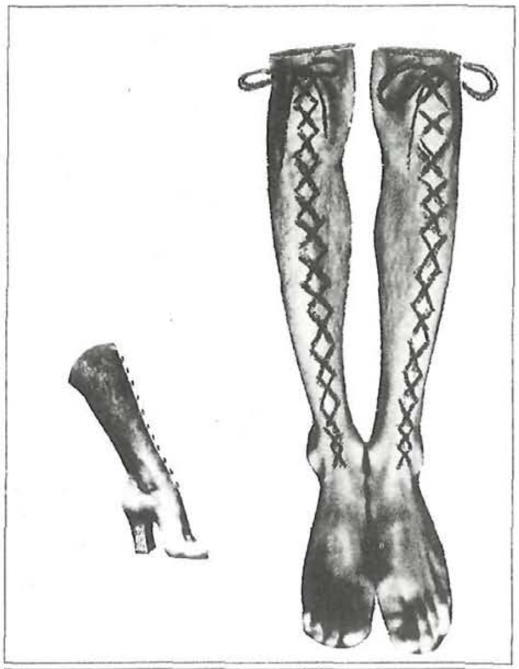

Doctor Dalkeith, a tall, well-built, perhaps a little too handsome, man, enters. He is smiling quizzically.
What's this all about then Dr. Carstairs?
What do you make of that?
Looks just like a spiral section of Mid brain to me
But.. but...
Yes?
There's something there that shouldn't be
PRECISELY
You are certain this is from an ordinary brain?
A perfectly RANDOM specimen from the bank.
My god
exactly
Then we must...
Right away... however long it takes us
See you in the Theatre
Miss Cranston, Cancel my flight to Zurich

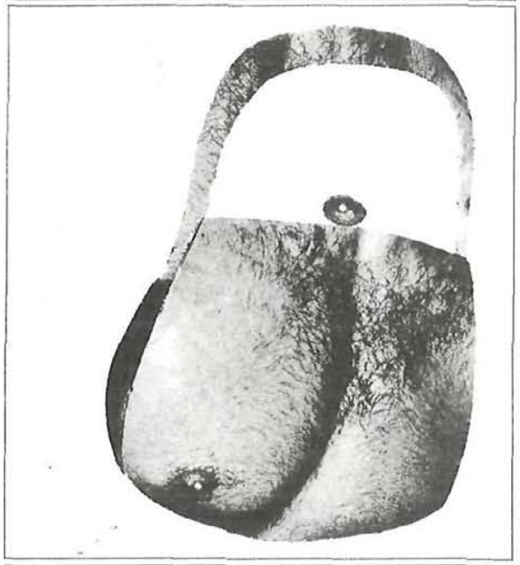

Tirelessly, the two surgeons work throughout the night assembling a comprehensive dossier of wax-impregnated brain-tissue transparencies...
The average of ten should suffice
It's confirmed all my fears
Worse than I had imagined
There is evidence in Dr. Dalkeith's facial musculature of the kind of experience that swiftly matures a man. Dr Carstairs looks like someone else...
We must publish these findings at once... already it may be too late
I'll prepare a paper...
I'll inform the United Nations... Why... Why did this escape all of us till now?
Just a plain simple error of omission... No one before has ever thought of subjecting to such a close scrutiny the brain of a WOMAN!
NOT THE END....


MANSKIN IS...

...AS MANSKIN DOES.

And does it ever do! Summer, evening, morning, fall, it works. Hard. Tough as two weeks out of town, tender as the night, it hugs you with a warmth that warms but never rules. *La peau douce*—at your service. Sounding the death-knell for thicker hides? Maybe, maybe not, but supple, subtle manskin has that delicious clingy something for the kinky asceticism of the not-so-straight seventies. Versatility incarnate. Renaissance manskin. *Line your Lamborghini, or sleep beneath its flimsy strength. Ummmmmm.* Dance in it, sit in it, lie in it, sigh in it. It follows *every curve and nuance* with obedient abandon and take-me-anywhere looks. Manskin. Anything you can do, it can do better.







E N O S

Opposite page: Milady musclebound by Monique Van Pelt's snazzy full-length coat of arms and torsos in handsome hand-sewn nipple-out white-collar caucasian, trimmed lavishly at neck, wrists, and hem with lush ranch monk. Matching hat by Phallus de Paris. Hosiery by Mantrece. Bottomed off with cheeky chunky shoes in bleached babysuede from Lesboots. Entire outfit at Bonwit Teller, Neiman-Marcus, about $950.

Top right: Gucci offers radical sleek with yummy thigh-high playboots in seamless brushed wild afro. Dizzying heels for extra lift and all snugged up with ridiculously long crosslacing nipskin thongs. Available in woodpile black, James Brown, or Hai Yaller, from I. Magnin, $59.95.

Center right: Maximilia gives the green light to Chauvel® DuPont's stunning it's-not-imitation-anything one-up on Mother Nature, with this snappy hand-bag in simulated tame semite. Chauvel® can reproduce almost-too-true-to-be-good versions of ranch chink, white- or blue-collar caucasian, dwarf cowhand, wild mulatto, weatherman, and hairy mick, and if you have a conscience about those hunting methods or get weepy over that gruff mating call, you should try Chauvel.® It's all twinkle and no twinge. From Bendel's, $29.95.

Bottom right: For a truly maled fist, Osca de La Renta's bold and cozy mitts in genuine rookie pigskin. Subtle shading and wild texture from the calluses on knuckles and trigger finger. Oversize zippy zip for easy access to the velvet glove. Elegantissimo! Also available in cropped leatherneck and raw recruit. Bergdorf's, Bloomingdale's, $20. TONY HENDRA

Randall Enos

MY GUN IS CUTE



Germaine Spillane

Illustration by Gray Morrow

by Henry Beard

It was a little before five when I put the last hemstitch in my case and delivered a set of eight-by-ten glossies to Ms. Sandra Maxfly in her apartment on West Eighty-third. Everyone thinks the life of a private eyelash is all glamour and excitement and handsome bulls, but take it from me, it isn't. Sometimes it's dressing up in a goddamn rabbit suit with a Minox in your cottontail and letting a bunch of corn muffins from Muncie with pricks the size of thumbtacks play touch-the-tit so you can catch a couple of snaps of some Chester who thinks that down there in the Batteries Not Included type on the marriage license it says it's okay for him to go looking for nookie jars to stick his hand in while the little lady rhumbas with the Hoover and makes the Rice-A-Roni.

When I left, I had ten crisp hundred-dollar bills in my purse, which I figured would keep me in Pink Ladies and Sardo long enough to get the bad taste out of my mouth and the paw prints off my skin.

In the elevator, some mug who was carrying a couple of inches of bourbon under his belt to keep his other couple of inches company gave me a few wolf whistles to show me he knew something else he could do by putting his lips together and blowing.

He looked at his watch. It was upside down. "Hey, honey, itsh eleven thirty," he slurred. "How 'bout a nightcap?"

He wasn't feeling any pain. I thought about that, and it just didn't seem fair. I made a quick movement, and he crumpled up in the corner, groaning. "What the—" he croaked.

I grinned. "Sorry, Jack, I thought you said kneecap."

I got into my heap and headed downtown. It was rush hour, and the traffic was bumper-to-bumper, like dogs sniffing each other. I cut back and forth and nosed into the park at Seventy-second. By the time I got to the office I'd been called more names than steak houses have for a piece of dead cow, but I figure men have to be allowed that. After all, they haven't got much left since they stopped slinging brontosaurus cutlets through the cave mouth and turned in their spears for Bic pens. It's either let them wedge their paunches behind a steering wheel and play Hercules Unchained for two hours every day or have them come home at night with a loaf of bread, crying, "Look what I won!"

It was a quarter to six when I finally walked into the office, and Wilbur was halfway out the door on his way home. When I got a guy to hold down the office, I figured I might as well get a Gorgeous George as a Mr. Potato Head, and I sure got my hands on a nice piece of beefcake when I turned up Wilbur. He's big and he's handsome and he's hung like a horse.

He's also smart, something the good-looking ones usually aren't.

"Well, speak of the she-devil. I've been calling all over town for you. I thought maybe you'd gone to one of those clinics in Sweden for an estimate."

I pulled most of Sandra Maxfly's thou out of my purse and tossed it on his desk. "Here, kiddo, pay the bills, buy yourself some of those tiny jockey shorts, and file the rest under *M* for Mazuma. Now what's the fuss?"

He took the C-note salad and locked it up. "Patty's been calling since around noon. They fished some fluff out of the river. She didn't say why, but she thinks you might be interested."

I went into my office and got a frosty can of Heublein's premixed Banana Daiquiri out of the little refrigerator Wilbur fixed up to look like a safe so the clients wouldn't get the wrong idea. I opened up the can and let the sweet liquor slide down my craw. Then I picked up the Princess phone and spun out Patty's number.

"Meg here, Patty," I said when she came on the line. "What's in the oven?"

Patty sounded preoccupied. "How soon can you get downtown, Meg?"

I looked at the battered Lady Speidel I've been wearing ever since it stopped a slug once when I was scratching somewhere where a bullet could do a lot of damage. It keeps lousy time, but I figure most of mine is borrowed anyway, so I can't complain. "Six thirty," I said.

"See you then." She hung up. Wilbur poked his nose through the door. "Need me for anything, Meg?"

"Nix," I said. "Am-scray."

"Take care of yourself, Meg," he said softly. He had that look in his big, brown eyes that said he wouldn't mind seeing me on my back in the altogether, but not on a slab downtown. You can never tell with guys: one minute they're as hard as nails and the next they go all mushy like Joey Bishop.

"Okay, kid." I chuckled. "I'll hire a cub scout to help me cross streets. Now blow." He flashed a big smile and took off. After he left, I took a few more glossies out of my purse and addressed them. A couple of hairy-handed rubes I couldn't feed an elbow sandwich to without spoiling my cover were going to be in for a surprise when the lady of the house opened up the mailbox and found a nice eight-by-ten of hubby on the make in the Big Apple in there with the Burpee seed catalogues. Like I said, this job isn't all glamour, but there are bonuses.

I left the envelopes on Wilbur's desk for him to mail in the morning and took a cab over to the red brick building where Patty Chambers held down her office. She's a captain in Femicide, and all policewoman, but she doesn't look like she should be tearing up elevated trains in some Jap horror movie or hitting Joan Crawford across the kisser with a ring of keys in Women's Prison. You don't get too many cops passing the time of day in Kaffeeklatsches with private clits, but Patty wasn't like a lot of gumpumps who never got over making it past metermaid and wore their badges as if they were a brass rag. She had brains enough to know I could operate around the edges of the law where the pinking is kind of ragged, and I knew without her on my side I had about as much chance of getting anywhere with the NYPD as a good-looking rape victim who hasn't got a judge for a witness.

As I came into Patty's cubbyhole office, she looked at the clock. "Why Meg, honey, you're five minutes late."

"You can spend your whole life waiting for a woman," I said. She laughed. I took out a deck of Virginia Slims and fired a cig, then tossed the deck across to Patty. She stuck one in her mouth. While I thumbed a match and lit her, I said, "Wilbur tells me you found a stiff in the drink and I might be interested. Say, what's cooking? You look like you just douched with Mace. She someone we know?"

Patty ran her fingers through her hair and shook her head. "I don't think so—not that you'd recognize your own sister after two months in the East River. It wasn't a pretty sight: raw, red, flaky skin, like living in dishwater for ten years. We'd never have found her, except some sandhogs dredging for the new Sixty-third Street subway tunnel brought her up in a clamshell. She was wearing a chain jumper and a pair of concrete high heels. The lab boys figure she was around twenty-five, but they're just guessing. No identification. And no more fingerprints than you'd get off a dish of yogurt." Patty shuddered. "A bad way for a girl to go."

"Where do I come in?"

Patty reached into her drawer and picked out a little scrap of waterlogged appointment-book paper. Scrawled on it in faint ballpoint was "Margaret Hammer" and the phone number of my office.

"I don't get, Patty. I know in certain circles I'm worse than a pound of fudge to a weight-watcher, but I don't figure a sister getting chilled just for inking my tag in her hush book."

"Me neither, but I wish it were that simple. Here's another wrinkle. The lab boys were able to discover she was a drug user, and a heavy one."

"Horse?"

Patty nodded. I thought that over. I still didn't get it. Junkies end up in rivers, sure, but they usually get there under their own power, either because they get to thinking they can cross them without wasting time with bridges or they get so low, holding hands with Charlie the Tuna begins to look like a good time. And either way they don't invest in iron foundation garments and cement Hush Puppies along the way.

"You figure maybe she was dealing and got in too deep?"

Patty jammed her butt in the ashtray and fired up another. "Could be, but the way I see it, if she was a junkie, she couldn't have been big enough to attract the attention of the kind of hoods who go in for the briny kiss-off. They don't trust junkies, don't want 'em around. Maybe it bothers their consciences." Her face was a mask of hate.

"Last thing I heard, they didn't kill women either," I said.

"Maybe they got picketed." She took a deep drag. "And here's another twist. To have the kind of habit that would show up after two months in the river, she'd have had to have been using a frosting gun to take the stuff in, but the boys in the white smocks say she never used a hypo."

"This whole thing is beginning to give me the pip," I said. "Nuts. Why couldn't she have written 'a dozen eggs and a quart of milk' or 'pick up shoes on the ninth'? Then I could have come across a two-inch item on page twenty-seven and clucked my tongue like everybody else, then turned the page and read 'Miss Peach' and forgotten about it."

"Nobody's making you take the case, and as far as I know, nobody's paying," Patty nagged.

"Just try to keep me out of it," I nagged back. "And anyway, there's always pin money in a murder. What else have you got?"

"Just this." She tossed a water-soaked matchbook on the blotter. It was from the Club Aristo, a sexist gyp joint on the Stem.

"What do you know about the place?" I asked.

"It's run by a cheap hood named 'Clams' Casino. Gangland gossip says he's in the mob, but we haven't got anything on him. Not that that means he's in line for the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval."

"And you figure people might talk to me who don't make it a practice to talk to cops?"

"Something like that," Patty said. "I thought I owed you a shot at it."

I was probably getting ready to ruin my figure by picking up a pound of lead, and no one was handing out soap coupons, and for all I knew the sister on the slab was some cheap

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cunk who got what she deserved, but my intuition said no. Bats! It was dizzy. But I could see the faces of those goons as they dropped her off into the water, and that made me mad, and when I get mad, my nose gets shiny, and that makes me madder. She'd been in trouble, and she'd been about to turn to me for help. I was going to nail those goons, and I was going to be giggling when I did it. I picked up the matchbook and put it in my purse and told Patty I'd be in touch if I got anywhere.

"Take it easy," she said as I was leaving. "If anything happened to you on this one, I'd never forgive myself."

I grinned. "Don't worry, Patty, I don't plan on getting killed because I haven't got a thing to wear to my funeral. Anyway, didn't you know you can't kill a girl unless she wants it?"

It was starting to rain when I got outside, so I hopped a cab uptown. I was headed for the Club Aristo, but I stopped off on the way at Jenny's for an avocado salad and a Gablinger's. Jenny told me Wilbur had been calling for me, but I knew that. By the time I left, I also knew that Jackie and Ari were headed for the splits and the reason Elizabeth Taylor looked so young was she drank goat urine and spent enough time in mudpacks to qualify for Soil Bank allowances.

The rain had stopped by the time I left. The Club Aristo was five blocks east and a couple north, but I walked the other way. I wanted to play second jaw in a concerto for two mouths with a two-bit cunk I knew named Connie Baker. She came from one of those towns that supplies New York with half its sorghum and all its hookers. Way back she was an airline stewardess, and for a while a Kelly Girl, until they found out that as far as taking dictation went, she made more money by stopping at the first syllable. After that she peddled reefers, and the last thing I heard she had a nice little racket going where she matched up lonely society matrons with a string of nice-looking boys by posing as a society reporter and bringing along a "photographer" for 50 percent of whatever he got. She was a sweetie.

She used to hang out in a seedy bar on Lexington, and that's where I found her, nursing a Grasshopper in a back booth. She was wearing false lashes the size of Japanese fans, and when I came in, her eyes opened so fast the turbulence must have capsized every fly in the place. I guess she must have figured it was time to powder her nose, and maybe take one too while she was at it, because she was halfway out of the booth by the time I got a handful of something she didn't feel like leaving behind and squeezed. She sat down in a hurry.

"Hello, Connie," I said. "Long time no see. How's the girl?"

"What do you want with me, you goddamn flatheel?" she spat.

"Well, I'm not looking for any studs or Mary Jane, or any of your other goodies," I trilled. "I just saw my old pal Connie Baker in a bar and I say to myself, why not drop in and catch up on a little blab. By the way, what are you selling these days, Connie? You seemed awful anxious not to make my acquaintance."

"I sit here minding my p's and q's, and some private dike comes barging in like Lizzie Borden looking for something to dice, so naturally I get an urge to freshen up. Besides, I'm clean, Hammer."

"Sure you are, Connie," I cooed, grabbing a handbag big enough to hold Baby Jane Holzer's trousseau off the seat next to her. "I know you're really working undercover for Avon. Mind if I spelunk?" I added, giving the purse a quick riffle. She snatched at it but got her wrist caught in my hand. "My, my, a new kind of air freshener," I said, holding up a handful of marijuana joints just far enough so she could see them. "And just the cunningest little lead dispenser," I added, showing her the handle of a little nickel-plated automatic. "What will they think of next?"

"Why don't you lay off?"

"And my goodness," I went on, "one, two, three cans of Esoterex feminine hygiene spray. New brand? What's the matter, Connie, do the squirrels throw up when you go walking in the park?"

She suddenly turned very pale and put a hand on the bag. When she saw I was going to let her have it back, she snatched it away.

"You don't look so good, Connie." She didn't, either. Her nose was twitching and she was as nervous as a nun who's three weeks late. I got hold of one of her arms and rolled up her sleeve, then did the same with the other.

"No tracks. Funny, you look like a junkie."

Her eyes flashed. "Just what do you want, anyway?"

"I want to know all about Clams Casino. Runs a place called the Club Aristo."

"Never heard of him." They're right. Women are lousy liars. Her lips fluttered like those little streamers they tie on fans to let you know they're running.

"Either you tell Meg all about it, sister, or you, me, and that drugstore in your purse are going downtown and play go fish with the cops for a few hours, and then you're going to go off and play solitaire for five years."

She looked scared. "Look, Hammer, don't you know that busybodies end up just plain bodies?" She looked anxiously around the room. No one seemed to be interested in us.

"Well," I said, "if you don't talk, I'll kind of let it be known that you did, sweetheart, and then . . ." I picked up one of her hands and held it tight and turned it palm up. "And then," I continued, running my finger along one of the creases, "you'll meet a couple of short, greasy strangers and they'll take you to this seafood place. The surprise is, you're the seafood."

She didn't look at me, but she talked, very fast and very quiet. "Dope. Horse. Sometimes he uses the showgirls as pushers, but otherwise the club's just a front. Honest, that's all I know!" I didn't think she was lying, but it didn't look like she'd know herself one way or the other anymore.

"Okay, play it your way," I said in a loud voice. "But I'll remember." Then I left looking like I hadn't got anything. If anyone was watching, it wasn't going to give Connie much of a shot at reaching menopause if I left looking happy.

I shoved a butt in my mouth, lit it up, and headed for the Club Aristo. I did it on foot to give myself time to try to figure it all out, but if, as a lot of people think, my brains are in my feet, the stimulation didn't help much. I was beginning to wonder if I should have pressed Connie for more, but I figured I was lucky to get what I did.

The Club Aristo was on Forty-eighth, between Seventh and what used to be Sixth until they changed the name to the Avenue of the Americas. All it did was make it easy for the cabdrivers to tell if you were from out of town so they could fleece you.

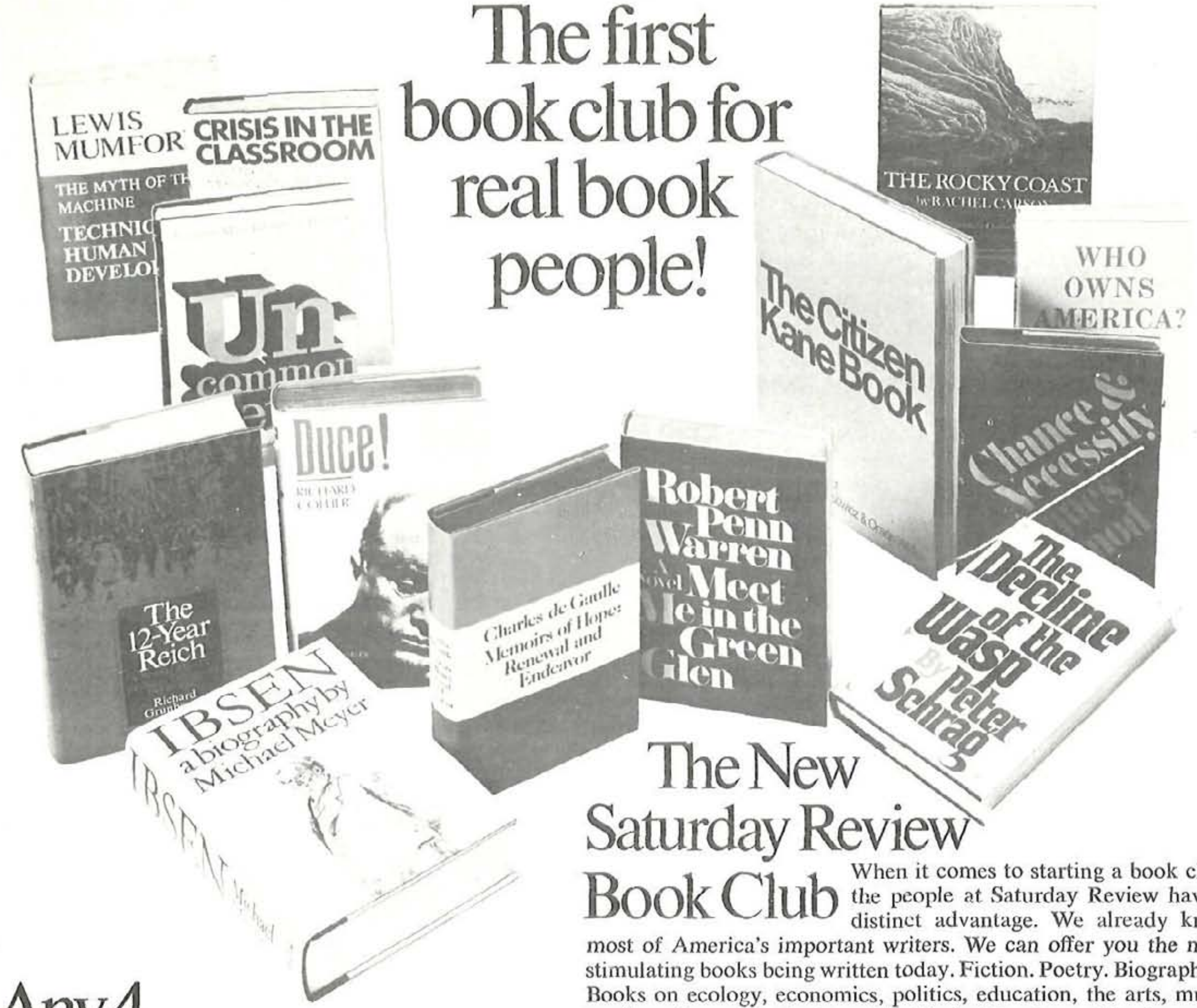
The front window was pasted full of signs that said Topless and a bunch of faces that looked like Don Ameche or Cesar Romero but weren't, popping out of the left-hand corners of publicity photos. Inside, a tone-deaf band called Tito Guernica and Los Terribles were making a good case for having their visas revoked, and a couple of dancers who weren't quite topless did some lurching that that Japanese soldier who spent twenty-five years in a cave could have watched for a month without getting a hard-on. As soon as I walked in, a nasty-looking greaser in a cheap tux slid over to me like a piece of zucchini in a pan full of Mazola.

"I am sorree, Senorita," he hisssed, "but *c'est impossible* for zee unescorted ladies to enter zee club."

I wanted to feed him some finger canapes. "Take it easy, buster," I said. "I'm here on business. I want to see Mr. Casino. About a job."

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Mr.
Mrs. ______________________________
Miss (please print)

Address ______________________________

City ______________________________

State ______________ *Zip* ______________

He looked me over. "Okay, kid, I'll tell Mr. Casino you're here, but don't count on him seeing you on account of he's a busy man. What's the name?" He'd forgotten all his Berlitz.

"Hammond. Mary Hammond."

"Stay here." While he was gone I fished out some chewing gum. Men believe all women are stupid, but with a mouthful of Doublemint, Madame Curie could have been taken for Goldie Hawn.

When greaseball came back, he took me into a corridor that led past the hatcheck and the rest rooms to an office with a big sign that said Private, so when the customers got sloshed they wouldn't come in by accident and pee in the ashtrays.

He knocked, and a voice said, "Okay," and we went into an overheated little office done up in the motel style goons think is class. The bouncer went over and stood behind the boss, who got his name probably because his face looked like something you usually get six of, only smaller, when you order cherrystones.

"Vinnie says you're looking for a job, Miss Hammond," Casino said softly. "Is that so?"

"Yeah, that's right, Mr. Casino," I said, munching on every word.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair. I did. I was about to go into some heavy chewing when I saw a piece of paper on the corner of his desk that caught my eye. It said Esoterex on the top. That was all I could read upside down, but it was enough to make me wonder about the coincidence and want to have a closer look. There didn't seem to be any way that was going to happen.

"Out of work?"

"Yeah, you said it. Nobody wants a secretary who can only type forty words per." I had a brain wave. I picked my purse off the floor and put it on my lap. Then I pulled out a cigarette, stuck it in my mouth, and palmed the wad of gum. While I made like I was rummaging for matches, I stuck the gum on the bottom of the purse. Casino picked up a lighter off his desk, and I leaned forward far enough to give both of them something to look at, put the purse down on top of the piece of paper, and leaned on it.

"Had any experience?" Casino asked.

"No, but I can learn."

He looked at me closely. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Gee, I don't think so. Maybe you got me confused with someone famous. People tell me I look like Goldie Hawn."

"Yeah, maybe." He didn't sound convinced. "Okay," he said after about a minute. "Give me a call in a week. Maybe I'll have something for you."

I got up and slowly picked up my purse. The paper was gone. "Gosh, thanks, Mr. Casino. I sure could use it." Vinnie came out from behind his chair and we went out. When we got into the corridor, he pointed to a door marked Emergency Exit. "No offense, baby, but do you mind going out the side? Wouldn't want any vice-squad boys to think we was the wrong kind of place, would we?" Eleanor Roosevelt could have held UNICEF meetings there and the place still would have smelled, but I didn't do any arguing. It looked like it might be a setup, but I figured I'd be a jerk to put up a fuss and have Casino get wise to me.

Which didn't make me feel any less like a jerk when Vinnie's blackjane hit my head halfway down the alley.

When I woke up, I was sitting in an alley, which I was willing to bet wasn't the same one, with a pint of cheap bourbon drying out on my dress and some sticky blood from a bruise on the back of my head ruining my hairdo. My watch said one thirty, which meant I'd been out for about four hours, but it didn't surprise me that no one had called the cops, since anyone besides a hotshot shama still stupid enough to go into dark alleys in New York would be happy to believe the boozy smell and leave the drunken flooze alone.

My boulder-holster was empty, and someone had been through my purse, but I was in luck. The little piece of paper was still stuck to the bottom.

After a couple of tries I managed to stay standing up and made it out to the street. It was Fifty-second. It didn't much matter. I wasn't going to be able to pin anything on Casino anyway; all Vinnie would have to say is he showed me out the back and I must have gotten mugged and isn't it awful the way decent people can't walk the streets anymore? I wondered how Casino recognized me or flashed Vinnie the high sign, but that didn't matter either. They knew who I was.

It was late, and I was feeling like I had the curse a million times over, but there wasn't any time to lose. When I got to where it was light enough to read, I looked at the paper. It was an invoice, and besides saying Esoterex and giving an address in SoHo, it had a whole bunch of numbers and letters, which might be lot numbers and might be a code but weren't going to get anybody indicted.

I flagged down a cab and went across town to an all-night luncheonette across the street from where I parked my car. After ten minutes in the can and a couple of cups of Sanka, I began to feel almost human again. I knew I was feeling better because now I was sure Casino had had that girl killed, and I was thinking about how, if I had anything to do with it, he was going to be wearing a truss in the hot seat.

When I got back to my heap, I slipped my spare Singer .38 out of the compartment under the dash, checked the action, and stuck it in my holster. Then I rearranged my hair to cover the lump, swung the rear-view mirror back, and headed downtown.

I found the address on the invoice without much trouble. It was a grimy loft building on Spring Street, the east-west drag that runs through the middle of an old industrial area.

I parked on a corner and walked back. There weren't any lights on inside and there wasn't anybody in sight on the street. The only sounds were a rhythmical clanking from a job printer on the corner and the distant rumble of heavy trucks highballing down Broadway. One of the windows on the second floor was filled with a sign that said Esoterex Products. The downstairs door was locked, but it had the kind of lock women carry keys to around in their hair.

I climbed up a set of wooden stairs to the second floor. The entrance to Esoterex was through a heavy sliding fire door, and it had a grown-up lock. After ten minutes of fiddling I gave up and went back downstairs and broke into the world headquarters of the Superior Envelope Co. in five seconds flat. I got out my penlight and made my way through rolls of uncut Manila paper to the back. My luck was still good. The freight elevator was stopped on their floor. The power was off, but it was half-full of boxes. I climbed through the hatch on top. It took me fifteen minutes of playing Jane on the counterweight ropes to get to the second floor, and another five teetering on the second-floor ledge prying open the doors with a hairbrush handle, but I made it in one piece.

The floor was stacked with cardboard crates halfway to the ceiling. I opened up two or three. They were filled with cans of feminine hygiene spray. I tried enough of them to find out it came in strawberry, mint, and orange. Maybe they had tuna-fish salad, too, but I didn't find it. The funny part was that they were all labeled Pristeen, not Esoterex.

I was trying to figure out what kind of combination dodge and dago perversion Casino was pulling when I knocked over an open box and sent a half dozen cans of the stuff rolling around the floor. It probably wasn't all that loud, but the way my nerves were, it sounded like Ruby Keeler falling into the orchestra pit. I crouched behind a pile of boxes and

gave my Arid Extra-Dry the acid test. I had just about summoned up enough nookie to start my waltz of the club-footed sleuthess again when I saw some light, and the front of a big floor-mounted air-conditioning unit against the wall opened and someone stepped out with a six-shot dildo in his hand. He looked around for a moment, and then a voice from inside said, "Goddamn it, Tony, get back in here. We got work to do." The voice sounded familiar.

"I tell ya, I heard something."

"You're going soft in the head. Now get back in here and close that goddamn door before someone sees the light." It was Vinnie.

The one called Tony grunted and went back through the airconditioner, and the front closed with a dull clang. I looked over to the row of windows that ran along the streetside wall. I seemed to remember there being five of them outside, but there were only four, and none of them was covered with a sign. That left the loft shy a space about five feet by a hundred.

I thought some more, and then I slipped off my shoes and went over to the airconditioner. The floor didn't do any creaking, but if my heart belonged to Daddy, he'd have needed a transplant. I pulled out my tickler and rapped with the butt on the metal, and then I flattened as much as I could against the wall.

Tony came running. The door opened. I let him get halfway out, and then I gave him an iron kiss on the top of the head. He went down faster than anyone's sister in Tijuana.

I ran into the secret room. Vinnie was at one end, reaching in his coat.

I waved my rosalyn at him. "Easy does it, Vinnie," I said. "This isn't a Fallopian tube."

He froze. I went over and gave him a free rubdown. I came up with a .45 and a shiv.

He flashed me an ugly smile. "What's it with you, baby? You making up for not having one between the legs by carrying a gat around in your paw?"

I smiled back. "Tell you what I'll do, Vinnie. I'll give you a hole down there," I said, aiming below his belt, "and then we'll be even."

After that he shut up. I looked around the room. It ran the length of the building, a little too wide to touch both walls with your hands at the same time, but only just. Down one side was a long narrow sideboard, like an assembly line, covered with tools and cans of hygiene spray, some of them opened up, and a whole lot of Esoterex labels, and glue, and a big box full of white powder. I tasted some of it. A new flavor. Heroin.

"So that's the angle. A new way to peddle horse. And I'm betting it's for girls only," I added grimly. "Who's behind this? Clams Casino? Start talking, Vinnie."

"Why don't you ask him yourself?" said a voice from behind me.

I spun around. Casino was there with two goons, and they all had bang-bangs.

"Well, well, if it isn't our favorite private cunt," said Casino. "You've got a bad case of gunorrhea there, sweetheart. It could be fatal." The odds were lousy. I let Vinnie take my gun.

"That's better," said Casino, walking forward. "You know, you really turned out to be trouble with tits. I guess Vinnie was right. We should have taken you for a boat ride as soon as I spotted you."

"Like you did a certain other chick that gave you trouble?"

Casino grinned. I wondered what his face would look like with a fork in it. "That was too bad. She was a good pusher. Too bad she had to find out what it was she was pushing and got cold tootsies."

"Maybe she threatened to go to the fuzzies, is that it?"

"Maybe," said Casino. "And maybe I've got something too sweet to lose because some dame gets too nosy. You see, I got a whole racket to myself. You can't interest the girlies in sticking needles in their arms: it makes them toss their cookies. But a doc who used to make a lot of beans helping girls with a sudden weight problem when it was illegal figured out if a guy can snort it, broads could take it in intrauterine doses, the tissues are sensitive enough. And all you've got to do to get them on it is put a little in some of the stuff they spray down there. Later on, they move up to a special tickler, so they can get all their kicks at once, but by then you've got 'em. And the beauty is, no marks, and my, ah, sales staff don't even know what they're selling. They think it's an aphrodisiac."

So that was it. I'd been a Grade-A scatterbrain not to see it. I thought of all those sisters with monkeys on their backs bigger than anything Fay Wray ever saw, and I wanted to hand out lead all around.

I slipped my purse off my shoulder real easy and put it on a chair. "Mind if I powder my nose?" I said sweetly. That got laughs all around. Dizzy broad, what'll she do next?

"Go ahead, sweetheart," said Clams, chuckling. "We wouldn't want them to pass you by down in the River Room." That got some more laughs. "But don't do anything nutty, or you'll be having your period a little early this month."

I bent over and reached into the purse and brought out my compact, very slowly. It was peep-show time again, and Clams moved closer, licking his lips. I straightened up and opened the compact and took out the puff. Then I took a deep breath.

Clams put a hand on my waist and said, "Say, boys, what do you say we—" I blew the whole compact full of powder in his face, and while his hands were involuntarily moving toward his eyes, I grabbed his gun and headed for the floor. Vinnie and the goons waited a split second before firing because Clams was still in the way. I shot Vinnie in the head, then rolled over and put two slugs into the nearest goon. I got the third one in the arm and he dropped his gun. It was a bad shot, since I was aiming somewhere else, but I was giggling too hard to shoot straight.

The guy I had clobbered came in so I shot him in the foot, just for laughs. Then I told them all to line up against the wall.

"Okay," I said, "anyone who moves learns position .38. In case you don't know what it is, I put a couple of slugs in you, then you lie facedown on the floor and bleed to death." Nobody did any moving.

I picked up Vinnie's gun and went over to where there was a telephone on a little desk. "Now," I said, "everyone take out your peckers and hold them tight." I had to put a couple of slugs into the wall to get my point across, but they came around. None of them had anything the Smithsonian would be interested in.

"Okay," I said, "Meg is going to call the janes. If anyone takes a hand off his joint, I'm going to shoot it off." Clams managed to turn white, even under all the face powder.

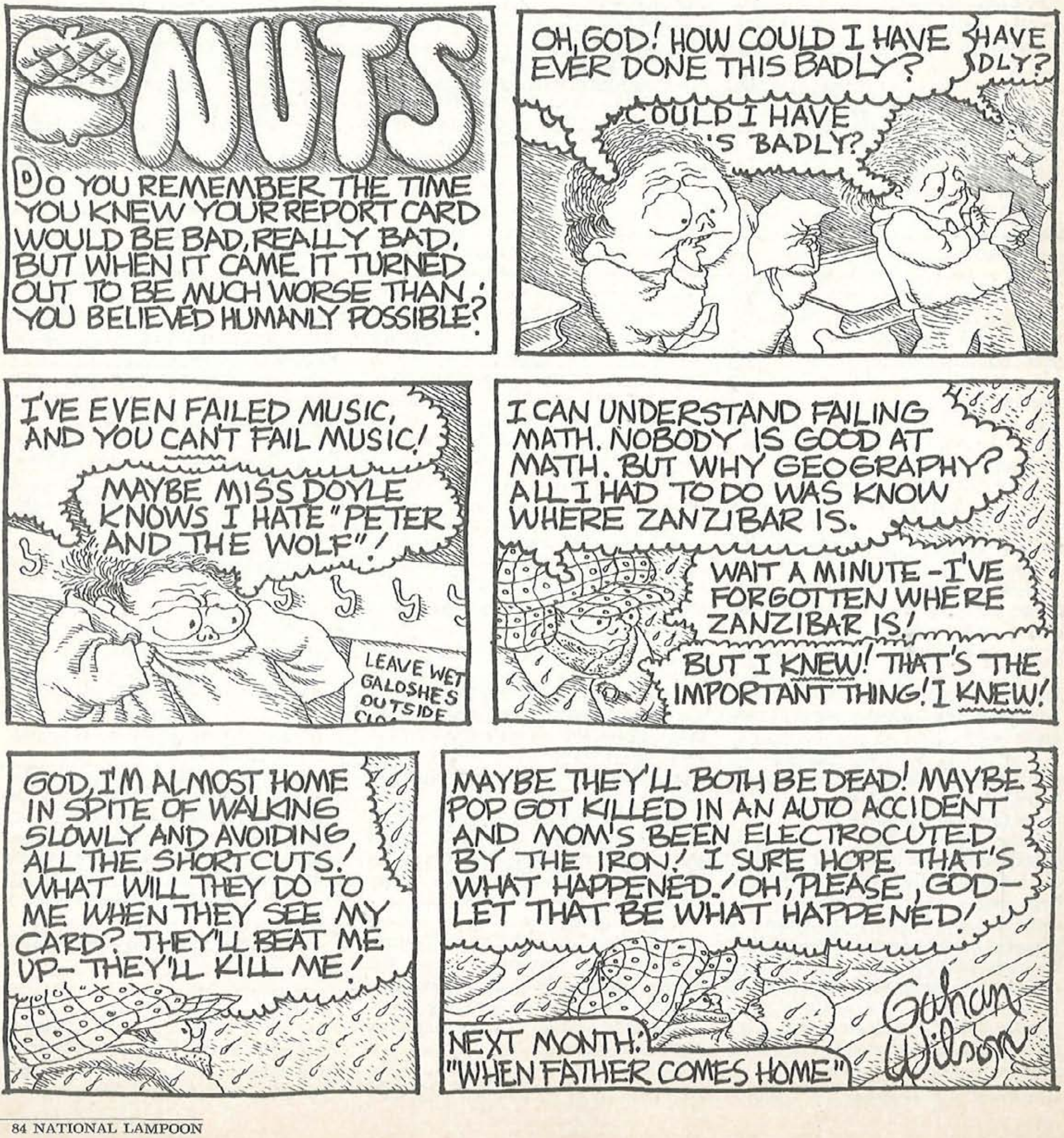
It took fifteen minutes for the cops to get there, and Patty showed up five minutes later. I gave them the high points and made a date with Patty to run through it all downtown the next day. She also told me there'd be about a 5G reward for the dope haul, and that made me feel better about my dress.

It was 4:15 when I got back into my car and headed uptown to the cave in one of the cliffs I call home. The city was asleep. I thought, I do the policework, clean up the city, dust some punks, put a couple of greaseballs in the clink, cook a big-shot's goose, and they sleep through it all. Don't get me wrong. Sometimes I just get fed up.

Hell. It was that time of the month again. □

Don't miss Meg Hammer in these other Germaine Spillane thrillers: "Knit One, Kill Two"; "Add Lead and Serve"; "Me, Broad"; "Blood Pudding"; and "Gunnilingus."


FUNNY PAGES
MW KALUTA


NUTS
DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME YOU KNEW YOUR REPORT CARD WOULD BE BAD, REALLY BAD, BUT WHEN IT CAME IT TURNED OUT TO BE MUCH WORSE THAN YOU BELIEVED HUMANLY POSSIBLE?
OH, GOD! HOW COULD I HAVE EVER DONE THIS BADLY?
HAVE DLY?
COULD I HAVE 'S BADLY?
I'VE EVEN FAILED MUSIC, AND YOU CAN'T FAIL MUSIC!
MAYBE MISS DOYLE KNOWS I HATE "PETER AND THE WOLF"!
LEAVE WET GALOSHES OUTSIDE
I CAN UNDERSTAND FAILING MATH. NOBODY IS GOOD AT MATH. BUT WHY GEOGRAPHY? ALL I HAD TO DO WAS KNOW WHERE ZANZIBAR IS.
WAIT A MINUTE - I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE ZANZIBAR IS!
BUT I KNEW! THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING! I KNEW!
GOD, I'M ALMOST HOME IN SPITE OF WALKING SLOWLY AND AVOIDING ALL THE SHORTCUTS! WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME WHEN THEY SEE MY CARD? THEY'LL BEAT ME UP- THEY'LL KILL ME!
MAYBE THEY'LL BOTH BE DEAD! MAYBE POP GOT KILLED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT AND MOM'S BEEN ELECTROCUTED BY THE IRON! I SURE HOPE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! OH, PLEASE, GOD- LET THAT BE WHAT HAPPENED!
NEXT MONTH: "WHEN FATHER COMES HOME"
Gahan Wilson



DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
CALIBAN · DISGUSTING · WEIRD · REPUGNANT · REVOLTING · UNUSUAL
WHAT'S THIS, SMEGMA?
GO THITH-THER.
IT'S MADAME, MASTER, SHE'S GOING TO VISIT HER SISTER IN IMMENSTADT.
IS THIS SO, ROSALINDA? ARE YOU OFF TO IMMENSTADT?
YES, WOLFGANG, I'LL BE GONE TWO WEEKS— UH, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU LOCK THE DOOR, I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU....
WHY ROSALINDA, YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE TEMPTRESS!
...BUT YOU NEEDN'T TROUBLE YOURSELF... AFTER ALL, FOR A MAN MY AGE A TWO-WEEK ABSTINENCE IS NO ORDEAL.
SILLY, TWO WEEKS WITHOUT IT IS AN ORDEAL FOR ANY MAN.
...ROSALINDA, I SUSPECT A LESS THAN ALTRUISTIC MOTIVE....
WELL, I'M ONLY HUMAN TOO.... COME TO ME, DEAR, YOUR ROSALINDA HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU....
ROSALINDA, I'M YOURS!!!
ROSALINDA, I'M PERFECTLY ABLE TO REMOVE MY OWN TROUSERS!
OH BE STILL, DEAR...
ROSALINDA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M THINKING ABOUT THE TWO WEEKS I'LL BE AWAY FROM YOU, WOLFGANG.
BUT ROSALINDA!
NOW, PUT IT IN... THERE, HOW DOES IT FEEL?
ROSALINDA, YOU LED ME DOWN A PRIMROSE PATH.
WOLFGANG, TWO WEEKS WITH THAT QUEER ABOUT IS A VERY LONG TIME!
rodrigues



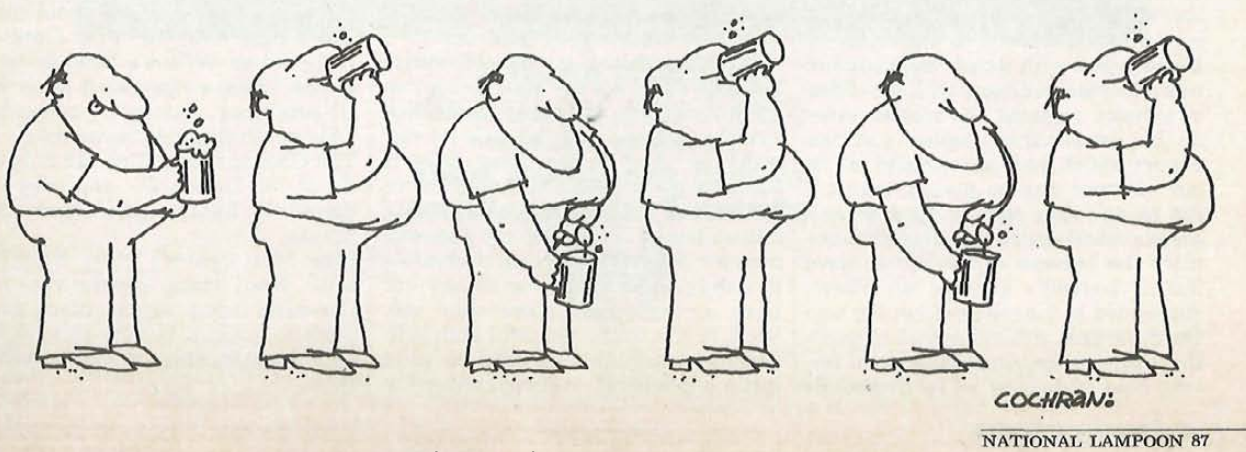
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN
LESSON #2
COW TEATS
WHEN CALLED UPON TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMMON MILK COW, THE INEXPERIENCED COMIC ARTIST OFTEN LOSES THE ASSIGNMENT TO AN OLD-TIMER OR WASTES VALUABLE TIME DOING RESEARCH AT THE LIBRARY BECAUSE HE IS SHAMEFULLY IGNORANT ABOUT COW TEATS: SOME COMMON MISTAKES ARE...
FAULTY PLACEMENT OF TEATS
INCORRECT NUMBER OF TEATS

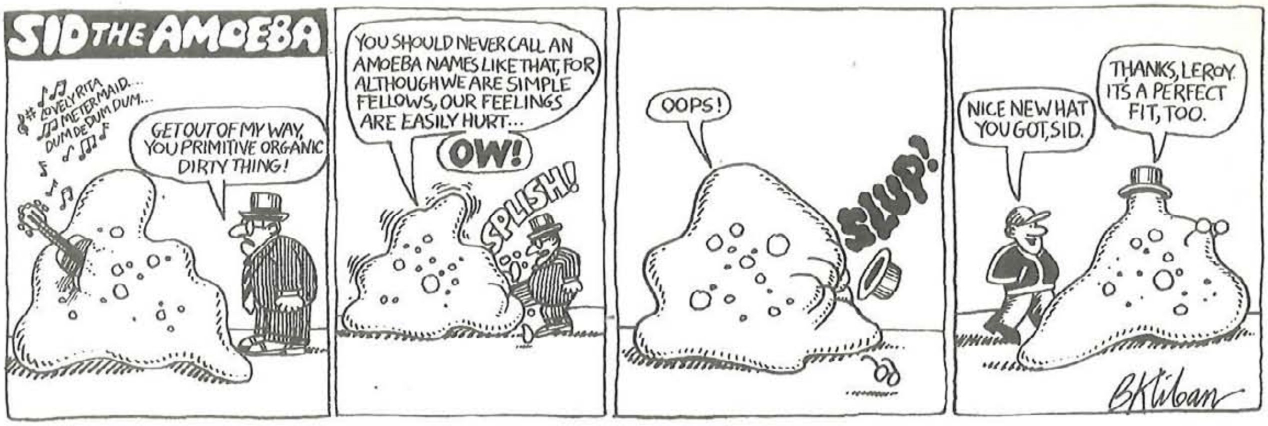

IDYL
©J.JONES 1972
LORD, I'M HORNY. I'VE GOT TO CATCH SOMETHING SEXY.
THERE!
MAYBE MY HOLE'S IN THE WRONG PLACE.





THE BEER-DRINKER





COMING NEXT MONTH

Science Fiction

Wilmerding gingerly fingered the ultraklystron intercossolary oysterizer. "It's our only chance," he hissed. "Unless we can give the slip to the Horst of Zlann and his android janizaries by dropping into polyspace, the Terran fleet will be caught napping in the Altair sector, and we can say ta-ta to every humanoid world between Canopus and the Coal Sack. Not to mention that Princess KaVeelva will be left to the tender mercies of the Betan biscuit-people!" Fortran blanched. "Polyspace! You must be mad! If your calculations are off by so much as a gigarhertz . . ."

What next transpired so far surpassed my powers of comprehension that during the space of several instants I feared that I had become crazed, for Professor Wilbeforce, who had heretofore occupied himself with certain adjustments to the rows of Leyden jars with which the chamber was encompassed, now with a sudden movement engaged the master lever on his remarkable engine, and the vapors which had surrounded us in our airborne gazebo parted, presenting to my view such a sight as any astronomical savant would gladly sacrifice the balance of his life to have but a moment's glimpse of. There, suspended in the ethereal liquids, was Earth herself, a beryl orb of surpassing viridescence, surrounded on a velvety field of deepest jet by thousands upon thousands of dazzling brilliants! "Great Scott," I exclaimed, "but this is exceptional! Wilbeforce, I beseech you, if I am in the grip of a frenzy, instantly acquaint me with the fact of my dementia, for the information of my eyes leads me to conclude that we have been transported by some instrumentality into the firmament!" The gentlemen toward whom I was directing my heated expostulations responded with a smile. "Shall we adjourn to the small salon, Mr. Fairbairn? I have laid on an excellent squab, and I am persuaded that we shall have no difficulty in locating a well-iced bottle of Riesling to accompany it from our cellar, if such a name can with any exactitude be applied to a closet which, though located beneath our feet, is nonetheless at this very moment some fifteen thousand nautical miles above the surface of the earth!"

"Well, Feldspar, why don't we just step into this handy personal hovertaxi that replaced the automobile and all other forms of transportation decades ago? While we're at it, we might also have a soothing drink from the taxi's Goody Niche, which, as we of course so well know, permits us to have anything we desire in the way of food or drink beamed to us by molecular transmission directly from Stuff Central. I think I'll have a Space Cocktail. What's your pleasure?"

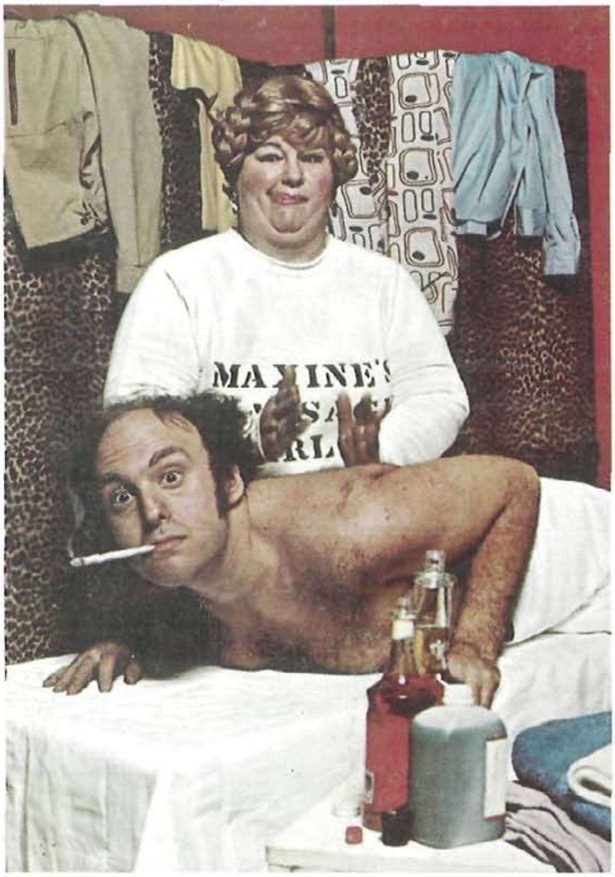
"A Moonhattan for me, Wilderly, but look here, it's my turn to pay, so I'll just slip my universal credit disk into the slot and dial the code for our cocktails. And in less time than it takes for me to reflect how much more convenient it is to have everything automatically charged to my personal account than carry around pocketfuls of unhygienic money, our drinks will have arrived. And there they are. Well, here's to the peaceful and well-ordered society that we have the good fortune to inhabit, in sharp contrast to the crime, disease, pollution, and strife that were so prevalent in, oh say, A.D. 1972."

"Yes indeed, who would have thought that things would have worked out so well? But then, once we discovered antigravity, the matter beam, the Zircon Drive, and a dandruff shampoo that really worked, frankly it was a piece of cake."

Dinos That Didn't Make It/Racquel Welch in a two-piece dust kitty isn't your guide as you journey back to 1,000,000,000 B.C. for a glimpse of some of the quickly deposed constitutional monarchs of creation who once snipped ribbons on the land-bridges.
Captain Bob and His Rocket Squad/Step into Captain Bob's space-age packing crate and thrill as he activates the klaxo-hystronic forty-watt bulb, fiddles with the superpluton Bosco whistle, and plunges an ultrafrasnoid oven thermometer in the dread Vegan papier-mâché monster.
Martian Jokes/It's the joke craze that's sweeping the inner planets and rendering them lifeless with laughter!
Flying Saucers in Our Actual Finished Basements Magazine/Vicious invaders from beyond our backyards threaten our lawns, our relatives by marriage, and our pension funds as they mass in the stratosphere in fleets of interstellar craft disguised as DC-3s, weather balloons, and cold fronts.
The Milky Way on Five Credits a Day/Gahan Wilson's hand is on the Kodak Carousel for a slide show of an all-American family's two-parsec-wide swath through the cosmos.
The Cosmic Sutra/Find out how they do it on Deneb IV and why you shouldn't thumb your nose at a Zlyykx.
Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Foto Funnies, dwarf stars, supernovas, so-so Corvairs, mind warps, black holes, pulsars, quasars, bogars, vulgars, hussars, vassars, She, It, Them, and the Blob. □

The latest gimmick at Maxine's Massage Parlor is to offer customers her own brand of roll-your-own filter cigarettes.

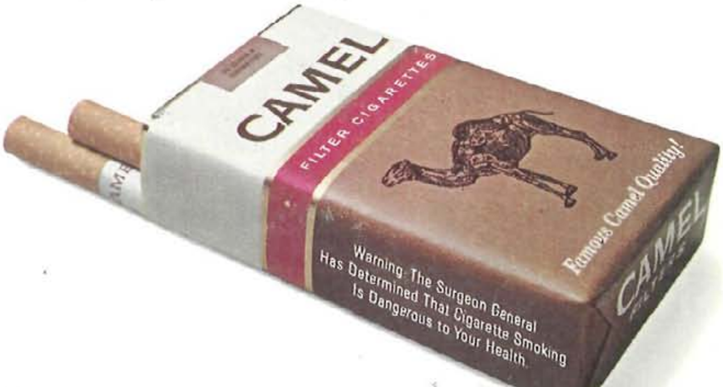
Now everybody will be smoking Maxine's roll-your-own filter cigarettes ...almost everybody.





Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

(But then, they don't try to be.)



20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.